THE KING THIS WEEK (SEE PAGE 9)

TWOPENCE. Vol. LIX. 1561.

JOHN BULL

The delicate threads of a georgette frock wash safely

Persil's careful suds preserve original loveliness

Even in hand-warm water Persil works quickly and well. The oxygen in Persil pushes the rich soapsuds through and through the weave, releasing every tiny grain of clinging dirt. The fabric needs so little handling that it stays crisp and new-looking however often you wash it. And because Persil gives you extra cleanness *every* time, your dainty things last longer and look fresher. Be sure to use Persil next time you wash delicate fabrics—you'll notice the difference at once.

Persil

PER 515-309-69

RESTORES THE COLOUR TO RED TILES

Cardinal Polish for Red Tiles

LARGE TINS 6D & 1/-

To immediately restore the colour of your Red Tiles and Red Composition floors use 'Cardinal,' the polish that gives such a beautiful rich, red finish. Also excellent for Front Steps. Easy to apply—will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Dept. K, Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4. CP. 30. 3.

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES

SEMI-OXFORD

27, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 or 38 inches.

FLANNELS

Waist 26 to 46. Leg 25 to 34. Short, Stout or Slim Shape.

Well cut and made from Suited Flannel, with belt loops, side straps, front and pockets, small side pockets and bottom turn-ups; pleated fronts; fly buttons. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/- *Post 6d. or C.O.D.*

2 pairs 10/6 post paid

ONLY TO PURCHASERS OF FLANNEL TROUSERS

St. Margaret's Woollen Slippers in Navy, Maroon, Grey, Brown. **1/6**

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.B.), Mail Order Dept., 109-125, South St., EVESHAM, also 24, Cheap Row, Penrith, Skipton, & 7-15, High Street, Exeter.

A TINY INSTRUMENT

BUT A GREAT AID FOR THE

DEAF!

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the VIBRA-PHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and all details.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1

Phone: Regent 5630.

5/- DOWN BALANCE MONTHLY

SECURES A PAIR OF RILEY'S FAMOUS BOWLS

120 PAIRS FREE

WRITE FOR LIST TO E. J. RILEY, LTD BALE WORKS AGGRINGTON, or Dept. 58, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop Tyres. Approved officially, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Mabey CYCLE WAREHOUSE, Jun 24, COVENTRY

ZOO VOICES

6 WONDERFUL RECORDS

with Commentary by Professor JULIAN HUXLEY, Secretary, Zoological Society.

The Zoo in your own home! Six remarkable gramophone records of Voices of Wild Animals at the Zoo, specially recorded at the Zoological Gardens, London and Whipsnade, with commentary of interesting facts by Professor Julian Huxley, complete in beautiful colour-gravure album giving details of the animals recorded—all for

1/6 Post Free.

Don't miss this amazing bargain! Send P.O. to-day to "ZOO," Records Dept. 2, 5, Castle St., London, W.C.2.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN SALE

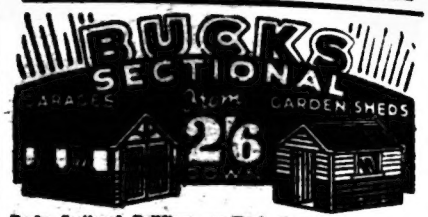
20/- Complete Radio, Gram. Fitld. Cash or C.O.D.

Special to "John Bull" readers. Real Marvellous Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Content:—2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 90 x 96. 1 Heavy, Coloured Raised Blanket 54 x 72. 2 Terry, White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 52 x 70. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 62 x 62, coloured border. Gold, Silver & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jasper grounds. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 96. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Elegant Embossed Electric Lamp or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins. 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall or Blouse. 2 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 30 x 22. *Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Wembley Road, LEEDS

BUCKS SECTIONAL

GARAGES GARDEN SHEDS



2/6

Bucks Sectional Buildings are Bucks Easy Terms

	Cash	Monthly
Bucks's best value. Every	£1 14 6	3/11
one is steel framed for strength,	£2 10 0	5/6
faithfully constructed and fin-	£3 10 0	6/6
ished and specially constructed	Immediate delivery on first	
for quick and easy assembly,	Carriage Paid	
Select your model from Bucks	England and Wales or Free	
Catalogue J.11, 3½ FREE!	Lorry Service.	

BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works, (Dept. J. 11), Erith Road, Erith, Kent.

EASY TO ERECT—JUST BOLT TOGETHER

SOUTH WESTERN

GREENHOUSES

L.	W.	Cash.	Depos.	12 Mthly.
6	6	47/6	5/-	4/6
10	6	85/6	5/-	7/6
15	6	140/-	5/-	12/-

ALL SECTIONAL.

FROM 2/- DOWN CARR PD

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

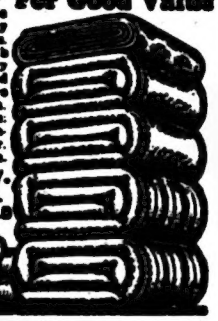
250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for free Cat. S.S. sheds, etc.; G.H. (Greenhouses), GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Depos.	12Mths.
6	4	34/6	5/-	3/1
7	5	44/6	5/-	3/11
10	7	69/6	5/-	5/8

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L. Dept. J., Regent Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

GRAVES Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value



Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders whipped ends. 66 x 90in. 7½lb pair. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt, 72x84in. Complete. Carriage Paid 396 Now. 3/6 Monthly. Drapery Catalogue Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

TO CLUB AGENTS

HUNDREDS OF BARGAINS TO SELECT FROM

CROWN CREDIT CLUB — THE ONLY CLUB OF ITS KIND IN THE COUNTRY

5/- BARGAIN CLUB

NO WAITING FOR GOODS

NO DRAWING FOR TURNS

ALL MEMBERS RECEIVE GOODS IMMEDIATELY ON FIRST PAYMENT

COMMISSION AT THE RATE OF 2-16-0 CAN EASILY BE EARNED IN A SHORT TIME

5 MEMBERS ONLY REQUIRED TO FORM THE EASIEST, MOST PROFITABLE, AND FINEST BARGAIN CLUB IN EXISTENCE.

SOMETHING NEW. SOMETHING BETTER.

WONDERFUL 5/- BARGAINS IN HOUSEHOLD GOODS, BEDDING, LADIES', GENT.'S, AND CHILDREN'S WEAR, FOOTWEAR, FANCY GOODS AND JEWELLERY.

CROWN CREDIT CLUBS. Enable Agents to earn a large commission and obtain members much easier, as only five members are required to form a Club, and every member receives his goods on the first payment of 1/-.

Send at once for full Particulars and Large Illustrated 5/- Bargain Catalogue.

Please send Catalogue and Particulars of your 5/- Crown Credit Clubs.

Name ..... *Post in Unsealed Envelope ½d. Stamp*

Address .....

J.B. 1.

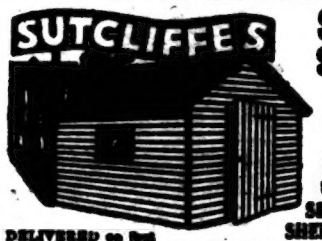
The British Trading Stores, Ltd., Gt. Marlborough Street, MANCHESTER 1.

Housewives! Send for These FREE RECIPE BOOKS

HERE are valuable free books which will be of great use to every housewife and cook. They are offered by the makers of New World Gas Cookers and Stork Margarine, whose announcements appear on pages 27 and 29. *Turn to them now!*

All you have to do is cut out the Coupons on each page, fill in your names and full postal address and post as directed. Do so now!

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED



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Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong portable sliding sections, easily the best value. Send carriage paid. Reading Felt supplied. (Floor extra.)

	Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 2/9
	7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	1 15 0 3/-
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	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 9/10

Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 23, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showroom: 69-73, Oxford St., W.1.

TIMBER BUILDINGS

List Free

Bungalows	£15
Entertainment Halls ..	£28
Pavilions	£22
Iron Buildings ..	£4
Motor Houses	£5
Army Huts	£11
Workhouse Shop & Store..	£10
Shelters	£20
Stabling	£5
Huts ..	£20
Green-houses..	50/-
	£5

LIST FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS.

C. ALBERT & CO. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR KIDDIES of a model Glider!

SEIZE THIS SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW!

THERE'S lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the Coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So give your kiddies a double treat — save your coupons and send them to Dept. J.B.1, Quaker Oats Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MY IMPROVED LAYETTE. EXPECTANT MOTHERS —SEND TO ME NOW.

VS DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins Squares, Coveralls, etc. Another Purchaser writes:—"I am a machinist and good all-round needlewoman, but really, after examining your beautiful layette I certainly would not have paid me to make it myself."

SEND 21/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL.

Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

100 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

Complete the advertisement on page 31.

TURN to the Bulmer Cider advt. on page 31. Then simply write on a postcard what you consider are the best missing words, add your name and address and post to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), Hereford. For the best replies 100 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by May 21st.

SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS—

from Preservene Soap. Fifteen of them qualify for a useful Free Gift. But use the free coupon on page 27 and it will count as one towards your collection! If you want to save money, save yourself unnecessary work and yet be house proud, you simply must respond to this Preservene offer. Be sure to cut out the Free Coupon on p. 27 right away and save it for your future reference!

We want to pay YOU £5 a week AND MORE

OPPORTUNITY for CLUBHOLDERS

The value of John England's goods is so wonderful and our commissions are so generous that you can easily earn several pounds a week in your spare time as a John England Trust Clubholder.

John England supply, on the easiest possible payment terms, from 1/- weekly, high quality goods that sell themselves, as they afford a saving of 5/- in the £.

Delivery on first payment, carriage paid. No drawing for chances. No lots terms. EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN.

Our Clubholders earn £2-£3 a week. Some earn even more. You can do the same. You can start a John England Trust Club with as few as five 1/- shares.

The coupon below will bring you full particulars of this wonderful proposition. Post to-day in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to the address below. (Please write in pencil.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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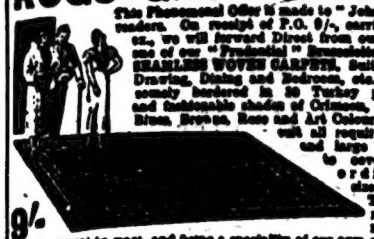
S.22 .....

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB, Reading Lane, Hackney, London, E.8.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Residential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS, Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, to Blues, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, giving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 5 Carpets 3 Rugs, and 3 Doormats for 30/-. Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

SPECIAL OFFER

CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines

30ft. Finest Quality Canes fitted Best Brass Screws and Sockets. 18in. Brass Chimney Brush. Carriage 1/-. Archimedean Drain Cleaner included. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

12/6

Other sizes: 40ft. 18/-, 50ft. 22/6, 60ft. 26/-, 80ft. 35/-, 100ft. 42/-. The above are best Quality—Stores Quality, 30ft. 9/-. Carr. 1/-. Leaflet of Sweeps and Drain Tools Post Free.

S. TYZACK & SON, LTD. (J.B.32), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

TRIM HIM YOURSELF!

BEST DOG TRIMMING COMB MADE — SO EASY TO USE! You can't go wrong—it trims as it combs, and perfectly, too! Use it weekly and keep your dog's coat in exhibition condition.

1/9 POST FREE

THE EASITRIM DOG TRIMMING COMB

Fitted with detachable blade for cleaning and changing. Will save you pounds in trimming charges. Besides, why trust your dog in other hands? Only 1/9d., post free. Spare blades, 3 for 6d. Supplied only by:—

WM. PENN (Dept. D.B.), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19

PIETRO

Piano Accordions

39/6 TO 15 GNS.

Easy Terms Available.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send Name and Address for free art catalogue of the world-famous PIETRO Piano Accordions as used in leading Bands.

*Whether you are a professional, an amateur or a beginner there is a Pietro Piano Accordion in this new series to suit you

J. & A. MARGOLIN, *Sole Wholesale Distributors*, (Dept. J.), 112, 114, 116, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.1

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Users now LIGHTS NOW

FROM **CYCLES 57/6** CASH OR EASY TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

From **1/-** WEEKLY

SORELLI, STELDENI, VISSENIO, PANCOTTI, HONNER, CRUCIANELLI, PAOLO SOPRANI, ETC., ETC. USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. £5 - 5 - 0 MODEL FOR 47/6.

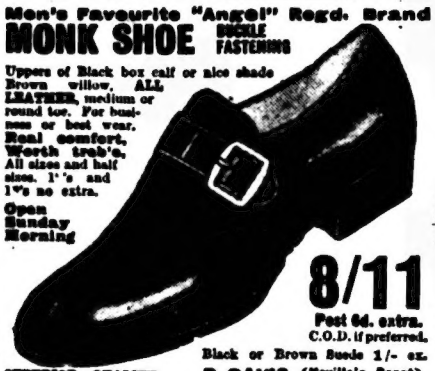
Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. By **STELDENI.** Piano-finished cabinet tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Cash price **47/6**, or sent on receipt of **2/6** First Instalment, Balance payable 4/- monthly until **52/6** is paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Other cheaper model accordions from **35/6**. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., on equally attractive terms. **The remarkable Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments.** Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions post free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

Men's Favourite "Angel" Regd. Brand

MONK SHOE

BUCKLE FASTENING



Uppers of Black box calf or nice shade Brown willow, ALL LEATHER, medium or round toe. For business or best wear. Real comfort. Worth treble. All sizes and half sizes. 1's and 1½ no extra.

Open Sunday Morning

8/11

Post 6d. extra. C.O.D. if preferred.

Black or Brown Suede 1/- ex.

SUPERIOR QUALITY Buckle Shoe 10/11. Post 6d.

P. DAVIS (Neville's Depot), 98/99, Upper Street, London, N.1

Are You

RUPTURED?

We'll give you cash for that dangerous old truss or appliance you are wearing, and we'll destroy it. We want to make every man, woman and child safe and secure. Let us fit you with the wonderfully healing Beasley Air-Cushion. It brings perfect freedom and security, as you will know if you test it under our

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Commended by "The Lancet," and thousands of doctors. Heals the most severe Ruptures after all other devices have failed. Write or call for free information.

If insured, give name and address, Society and Secretary. Say if single or double Rupture.

The ONLY Air-filled Cushion made in natural Shapes for any Rupture

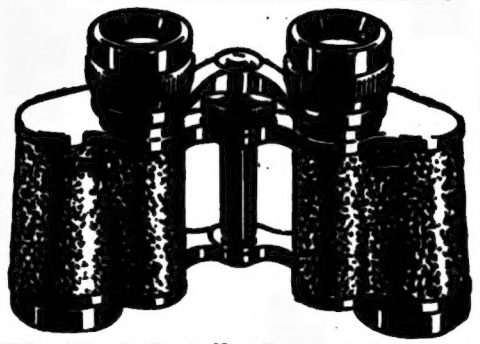
BEASLEYS

DEPT. 8, 46, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Dept. 8, 276, Deansgate, Manchester. Our Fitting Rooms at above addresses and 84, Manchester Road, Bradford, are open until 8 p.m. Sats.

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

ZEISS, DERAISME, RECOMBIER, CHATELAIN, LUMIERE, SECOMPTE etc etc



ALL AVAILABLE ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

HERE IS A 10 GN. MODEL REDUCED TO 75/- YOURS 3-

At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Seaside and Country visits, you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front Row" seat. **Send only 3/- deposit** and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on **Free approval** of these exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification, extra wide view, independent eye piece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English leather Case with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 8/- monthly until **75/6** is paid, or Cash within 7 days **75/-** only. Don't forget to write for Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism glasses by all the finest makers. **Sent post free.**

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST TO-DAY

DELETE PHRASE THAT DOES NOT APPLY.

Please find enclosed P.O. 3/- first instalment for Prisms, etc., on approval, to be returned if not approved. Please send me post free fully illustrated List of Prisms Glasses.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

QUICK-CUTTING GRASS SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners around trees, rockeries, etc. This sturdily British made implement is fitted with finest quality tempered steel blade for keeness and close cutting. Non-rust blade holder. Price 2/-, post 4d. Handle 9d. extra.

2/- POST 4d

Wm. PENN, (Dept. A.B.) 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY

for the usual **45/- to 50/-** SUIT

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style, S. or D. breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 20 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions.

19/6

ALL BRITISH SUITS TO MEASURE.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Send no money. Write now.

H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.7 14, Pitshe Bridge, CROYDON

AMAZING ALL-STAR VALUE ZIPP JACKETS

ROOMY CUT

FULL ZIP

WAIST ELASTIC

LEATHERETTE, SUEDETTE, VELVET CORD, Windproof and Rain-proof—Ideal for Cycling, Hiking and general wear—these Zipp Jackets are the finest value ever offered. Various colours and sizes, perfect fitting for Ladies or Gents. Money back if not satisfied. Give Chest or Bust measurement. Shorts to match, 4/11d.

6/6 POST 6d.

ALPACA JACKETS Black, Brown, Grey

6s. 6d., post free. Order now for holiday.

BIKER'S EQUIPMENT COMPANY, 38, Southsea Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

FILMS FREE FOR WHITSUN

We load your camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British made "Gratispool" film. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 6d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. THREE SIZES ONLY: 2½ x 3½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 3½ x 1½ films.

We have films to fit the Kodak Six-20 now. Get yours FREE. Send this Coupon

GRATISPOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, ISLES LANE, LEEDS, 11.

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1 WAY BEDCHAIR

FULL SIZE

EASY CHAIR. LOUNGE CHAIR. FULL-LENGTH BED. FIRESIDE SEAT

16/6

or 12 weekly payments of 1/- PATENT SPRING SEAT, SOLID OAK FRAME, TURNED LEGS, 3 VELVET CORD CUSHIONS, COLOURS TO SUIT EVERYONE. Send for new coloured Catalogue J of wonderful bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. *Carriage and Packing, England and Wales 2/6 Cheques, Reg. Letters or Crossed P.O.s to*—

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 88, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

NAIL BITING

stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

NO MORE PRINTING COSTS

PRINT EVERYTHING ON THE

COMPACTAPRINT

Will Save You Pounds on printing and produce thousands of perfect copies, clean and permanent, from one stencil, whether typewritten, hand-written or sketched matter, operating as easily on card or wool boxes, cartons, etc. Guaranteed a lifetime satisfaction. Stencils only 2/3 doz. Ink 1/6 tin.

27/6

Complete with Ink, Stencils, and full instructions. Carriage Free.

FREE to "John Bull" Readers! Actual Specimens of Printing done by Club Secretaries, Office Managers, Commission Agents, Shopkeepers, Fashion Houses. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to: C. W. SAUNDERS, "The Compactaprinter," 19-21, Water Lane, London, E.C.4. City 3388-89.

NEW PRODUCTION TRIUMPH

56/6 or **1/6** WEEKLY

Choose! Buy your Cycle at factory price or pay the shopkeeper his £1 profit. Latest improved all-British Cycle, superb finish, life-time guarantee. Works price only 56/6, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £3/19/6. Every cycle rigidly tested & sent carr. paid on 7 days' free trial. Send for Free-money-saving Illus. Catalogue showing a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, and Sports Models, etc., at direct-from-factory prices. Save 5/- in £1

MOORHOUSES, Dept. 38, Padiham, Burnley.

THAMES UTILITY

GARAGES FROM **4/6** DOWN

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 18. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

STEEL TIED ROOFS!

MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

REDUCED SALE PRICES	
Weatherboard Garages from	£3 : 15 : 0
Asbestos Garages from	£4 : 10 : 0
Garden Sheds from	£1 : 9 : 0

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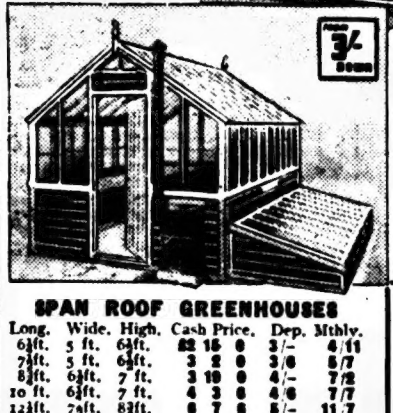

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FREE. — Wonderful new cookery book—crammed full of cookery wisdom—how to make ordinary dishes better! Send for your free copy now! Fill in your name and address in the coupon in the Stork Margarine ad. on p. 29.

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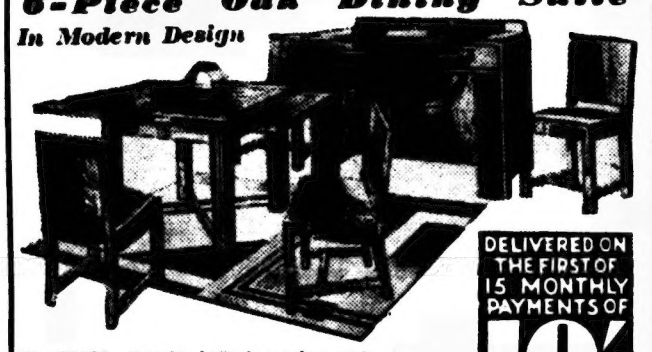

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Only a central controlling body can clear the roads of the muddle and obstruction that have inevitably resulted from dividing authority among 1,300 local "bosses"

Two Lives a Day is Too Much to Pay—

1,300 ROADS to Ruin

As many as 6,502 people were killed on the roads of Britain last year.

There are more than 1,300 different authorities controlling those roads.

At the first glance you may think there is little connection between these two statements. But if you look at the figures taken during the last national accident census you will see that road deficiencies, such as bad surfaces, lighting, repair, obstruction of view, were officially blamed as among the biggest single causes of road deaths.

The actual figure was 760 fatalities (more than 10 per cent. of the year's total)—and not the motorists, not the pedestrians, not the vehicles involved, but *the road itself was blamed.*

Death exacts its toll of two lives a day, simply because of the 1,300 separate bosses of the roads.

That is what we might call the "flesh and blood" angle of the question we are considering. But there is another.

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In a few days' time the Ministry of Transport will issue the report of the great road traffic census taken last autumn. Mr. Hore-Belisha and his colleagues are busy at this moment acquiring headaches over the menacing problem which that census presents. It is a problem of life or death for road transport in general and for one great new industry in particular.

For the past three years the motor-car industry has been doubling itself in production figures; 1935 was 56,000 vehicles up on the previous year. According to present schedules, 1936 will be 100,000 up on last year.

But in a whole decade the total length of the country's roads has increased by only 500 miles. And that means everything—farm tracks which have been layered with a few yards of metal and so have "gone up one"; new outlets from housing estates; a few by-pass roads, and so on.

In the same period the number of vehicles per mile has leapt up from 7.5 to 15. And as if this problem of "density" of cars on the roads was not enough, the roads themselves have become intrinsically worse—worse for everybody, motorists, pedestrians and industry.

The 1,300 bosses are responsible for this state of things also. And the clear lesson which emerges from the forthcoming traffic census figures is this. *Unless some central control of the main roads of Britain is speedily adopted, then the further progress of the motor industry will be arrested, and even its present achievements will prove more of a curse than a boon.*

The "King's high way" is so in theory only. In practice it is divided up into bits each the sovereign domain of every type of authority from modern-minded townships to Muddleton-on-the Mush. Each with its own ideas (or lack of them) about the construction, maintenance, signalling and lighting of the roads within its area.

From London six great trunk roads radiate out to the provinces. Four of them pass through five counties and five different controls. The Great North Road between London and Edinburgh is controlled by thirty-one different authorities, each averaging about twelve and a half miles of its length.

You get the same wild division of responsibility on all the main roads between the major towns across country.

The result is that on any of these highways between start and journey's end you find a crazy medley of road surfaces, road widths, lighting, gradient levels and all the other items which are factors in road safety and efficiency.

A motorist driving to Birmingham from London, for instance, will encounter twenty-three different types of surface in 110 miles. On any road he will usually find five different types of surface in every fifty miles.

No sooner does he find out what is safe on one surface, than he reaches another on which his car may behave entirely differently. Driving strain and its attendant risks are increased enormously.

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Again, driving out at night through one of the main exits from London he will pass through four miles where five separate authorities control the lighting. The distance between lamps, their height, position and the quality of the light they give vary widely from section to section.

Every driver knows the dangerous effects of sudden variations in lighting. Fatigue and misjudgment are a common consequence. We have the huge preponderance of night accidents over day to prove it.

Then there are the endless variations in width between roads in neighbouring territories.

There is one town on a northern trunk road where cars after traversing miles of a road, well-lit and well-laid carriageway, must suddenly plunge through a bottle-neck of narrow streets to emerge on a road which is little better than a cart track. Lorries thundering down from the North often knock down houses in this town.

There is no weapon with which to compel uniformity between neighbouring authorities. If Muddleton-on-the-Mush decides that it will not have a by-pass or bring its road construction on a level with its neighbours, then it can snap its fingers at any demands or suggestions from the Minister of Transport.

On one northern stretch there are two areas fitted up with the most modern shadowless road lighting. Between them, however, is another area which has an old gas-lit system.

When the contractors who fitted the new system approached this authority to come into line, they met with a blank refusal. Local interests got up and fought the improvement, presumably because they were not getting anything out of it. So now motorists along this road travel from light to semi-darkness and back to light again.

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There is only one cure for the present appalling chaos of the roads, and that is for the control to be taken out of the hands of the local authorities altogether and vested in a Central Highways Board.

The money to do the job adequately—maintenance, construction, lighting, etc.—is estimated by the Roads Federation to be about £57 millions per annum. That money is already there—in the Road Fund, and in that share of petrol and oil taxes which is borne by motor users.

The Chancellor would be no worse off for the loss of this nest-egg of his, because he would be saved the annual contribution he at present makes to ratepayers—the "General Exchequer Contribution"—which amounts to about £51 millions.

The position of the roads can only become steadily worse under the present system. There must be an ever-increasing toll of death and loss. Therefore we want to see the central control scheme worked out at once and presented to Parliament during the present session.

With the central authority we can have roads worthy and adequate for the future. Without it we shall have only so many "roads to ruin."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Give Nine Millions the Holiday they Deserve!

WE congratulate the Ministry of Health for revealing a national scandal of the first magnitude.

Dryly, without comment, it informs the public that only one insured worker in every six is lucky enough to get a paid holiday.

Though the number of insured employees is now higher than ever before—more than ten and a half millions—only a million and a half receive full pay during their holiday period.

Unemployed

Many of the unlucky nine millions, of course, are allowed an annual break in the daily round of work by their beneficent employers. But the week or fortnight allowed them represents a stretch of unemployment—without the advantages of the "dole."

"By all means take your wife and family to the seaside," says the no-holiday-with-pay employer. "It will do them good, and help you to keep fit enough to do better work for me. But don't expect me to give you a farthing, even though you have served me well for five or ten or twenty years."

Mockery

And in countless cases the worker must go home to tell his family that once more they must be content with "a backyard holiday this year."

The gay posters on the hoardings, which tempt them to sample the attractions of this resort or that, must be for them only a mockery.

The stoppage of the breadwinner's wages, adding to the difficulties of dear rent and heavy household expenses, must inevitably make it impossible for them to enjoy the change of scene which every man, woman and child has a right to expect at least once in twelve months.

No excuse

That, you might think, would be obvious to all.

It may even be obvious to those employers who treat their staff with such scant consideration. At any rate, they cannot be excused on the score of expense. The Great Depression is passing. Profits rise, future prospects grow brighter.

More—later

Even those workers who are paid by the hour should not be exempted, for the problem of deciding a fair payment for their annual vacation is no more than a matter of simple arithmetic.

We do not intend to let the matter rest until there is a big reduction in that ratio of "one in six." So we shall have more to say about it later.

Meantime, our M.P.s and trade unions should agitate without delay for the remedy which, long overdue, is so plainly practicable.

Money for Mussolini

The visit of Mussolini's financial adviser, Signor Pirelli, to this country is surely the very limit of impudence.

The Signor is trying to pave the way for a British loan to help Italy exploit conquered Abyssinia. We advise him not to waste his time. Even if the City smiled upon him, public opinion would not tolerate so monstrous an affront to common decency and common sense.

Unearned income

Don't gasp at the coal royalty owners' demand for £150,000,000 as the price of being bought out. That's only fifty millions more than the most generous valuation of the royalties' worth, and no doubt our coal dukes and barons are quite prepared to haggle.

The "enticement" case

The latest "enticement" case clearly justifies the comments we made on this type of action a few weeks ago.

"A misuse of the courts, a blackmailing action," was how Mr. Justice Charles described it.

Such abuses will go on, we fear, until the law is so amended as to make the "enticement" case impossible. And, if only to prevent the further washing of dirty linen and mud-slinging in public, that reform should be made at once.

Coronation Touts are Here

Enticement—the Last Straw

To him, and nine million other workers, the holiday posters are just a mockery

Coronation medals

German, Japanese, and Czechoslovak agents are already touting for orders in Britain concerning the supply of medals and other symbols for the Coronation festivities.

Tens of millions of tokens of the kind will be issued or sold, and the foreigners will be content to provide them almost at give-away prices. The employment of sweated, cheap labour enables them to do so.

Farce

A stroke of the pen could put a stop to this. All that is needed is a prohibitive duty on the alien rubbish.

But to this the Treasury says "No." The Chancellor of the Exchequer insists that anyone who feels sore about it must first apply for the cumbrous machinery of the Imports Duties Advisory Committee to be set in operation.

The Committee could do no more than make a recommendation. And then comes the true Gilbertian touch. It does not recommend duties in anticipation!

No wonder!

The foreign medals for the Coronation would have to be dumped here before it could consider the matter. Then it *might* recommend a duty to be imposed—to prevent a repetition of the scandal at some subsequent Coronation.

No wonder foreigners still regard us as stupid folk!

Good for Sir Walter

Most people will share our view, we fancy, that Sir Walter Citrine has definitely scored over his detractors.

"I came because I had prided myself that there was a sense of fair play in men and women that refused to condemn a man unheard," he said at the Post Office Workers' conference, when members walked out in protest against his acceptance of a knighthood.

And since those who stayed loudly cheered him, it's plain they feel as much contempt for the malcontents as we do.

The Boy King

Sixteen-year-old King Farouk of Egypt begins to reign, though not to rule. His reign may prove highly important.

Until he comes of age, we predict, the real ruler will be his uncle, Mahomed Ali, who is a staunch friend of Britain. The Boy King himself, returning home from this country, has already received remarkable demonstrations of enthusiasm. The late King Fuad was strongly pro-Italian, allowed Italian influence to grow, was too "iron-handed" to be popular.

Jobs go begging

It seems difficult to believe the complaint that work is being held up in the Midlands because of a shortage of skilled engineers. There are 10,000 engineers unemployed!

But the comment of the National Union of Manufacturers would be justified at any time. The Union tells employers to "look ahead and see that their juvenile labour is receiving proper training for their trade. If they do not they are bound to suffer."

We go further than that. To let the trained man lose his skill by years of idleness, to give no apprenticeship to the young worker—that is bad not only for the employers, but the whole nation.

A martyr passes

And the unskilled workers—does no one care a rap for them?

Think of Arthur Wisken, Poplar dock labourer, unable to find work for more than two or three days a week during the last ten years. Now, caught in a crowd of men as desperate as himself to get a vacant job, he has been crushed to death.

There is a lot wrong when men like Arthur Wisken are made to die because they ask for work. And the responsibility rests on all of us.

Way to success

Ever tried going bankrupt as a means of making money?

Morris Conley did, and made £10,000 as a result. But he boasted about it, the news got round, and after a week's trial at the Old Bailey he has gone to jail for two years.

If this were an isolated case, it would be bad enough. But it's one of many, though the other crooks are wise enough to keep quiet about their success.

Easy money

The truth is that any rogue with his wits about him can make a fat living by business "failures."

We are tired of pointing out the need for drastic overhaul of the Bankruptcy Acts which allow this scandal to flourish. When our rulers tire of squeezing fresh taxes from the honest little man, maybe they'll put the screw on the dishonest.

Day-and-night work

At Alnwick the assistant porter to the poor law institution works from 6.30 a.m. till ten at night. It has now been decided to advertise for an assistant-master and an assistant-matron.

And before long, let us hope, for an assistant to the assistant-porter.

Millions left

When are those "heavier penalties for dangerous driving" really coming?

A Middlesex bookmaker whose car ran down and killed a policeman cyclist in the early morning has just got two months in the second division and a two years' driving ban.

Since there are millions of cyclists, perhaps the authorities think one less won't be missed.

Vampires at large

The "swindling parasites" and "vampires" denounced by a trade conference in London are no strangers to these pages

They are the bogus debt-collecting agents who bombard debtors with "blue frighteners"—papers resembling county court summonses—and who levy fantastic charges on any sums they may recover for the traders who employ them.

The Government warning against this disgraceful practice is just a waste of words. Why not suppress it without further fuss?

Dangerous, unfair

A Hull councillor does well to attack the payment of solicitors "by results" in police prosecutions.

In other words, unless they secure convictions they get nothing for conducting cases.

That practice is not confined to Hull, and it's so obviously unfair, dangerous and indefensible that it should be stopped everywhere. Look into it, Law Society!

Moral

If ever the doctors give you a shock, remember this: Sir William Mallinson, when twenty-four, was told he hadn't long to live. He has just died aged eighty-two, after a lifetime of hard work and philanthropy.

Good doctors admit they are sometimes wrong.

But they are certain to be right if the "hopeless case" throws up the sponge and just waits for the end.

Help for disease

It is believed that people have been infected with scarlet fever at Darlington, as in other places, because patients have been released too soon from the fever hospital.

The excuse that the hospital accommodation is too small won't do.

We see no better way of taxing it more severely than by releasing patients before they are cured.

British is best

Lord Baden-Powell deplores the fact that Italian scouts are being taught warfare.

London's Rover Scouts are looking after Tow Law, a Durham mining village where 75 per cent. are unemployed. One part of their work is to supply food to 144 jobless men who are voluntarily making a recreation ground for the district.

Another instance where the British way is best!

When idleness pays

"Protracted negotiations" about weavers' wages are just beginning.

A weaver who has only two of his four looms in operation, but who must work forty-eight hours a week just the same, gets 18s. On the "dole" he would get 17s. for himself, 9s. for his wife, 3s. for each child.

So there shouldn't be anything protracted about those overdue wage talks.

Hospital food

Hospital food is so often criticised—and so often with good reason—that the appointment of skilled cooks and kitchen supervisors to the L.C.C. hospitals should be imitated by other authorities.

Let them remember that this is no little thing. Discontent, whatever its cause, retards the recovery of sick people. Better cooking means quicker cures!

Mrs. B. E. McGregor

The reference to Mrs. B. E. McGregor in our article of February 29, criticising the activities of the National Distress Relief Association and the Bournemouth and District Relief Association, may have been misunderstood.

Mrs. McGregor, who has now severed her connection with these concerns, was paid a weekly sum for the use of her premises and for providing breakfasts for a certain number of children.

It was not our intention to suggest that the work she personally was carrying on was other than *bona fide*, and it is regretted if the allusion to her conveyed that impression.

Our criticisms, however, of the organisations in question remain.

JOHN DRINKWATER *begins his intimate diary—*

THE KING this Week

I START these notes in astonishment at the King's industry. During these past days his list of public engagements has been a heavy one, and in addition to these there are always some hours daily to be spent on the infinitely varied routine of State affairs.

Certainly no man in the Empire works harder than its Head.

It is no unusual thing for the King to be at his desk by six in the morning. A frugal breakfast, toast and coffee with some fruit, a light lunch with fruit again, a cup of tea—China tea—in the afternoon, that is his usual fare during the working day.

Even with dinner, which itself is no elaborate affair, the King's working day is by no means sure of an end. There is no hour at which he may not be called upon by business.

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It was, therefore, in the natural course of things that the debate on the Civil List should have been conducted on both sides of the House of Commons in the admirable temper that it was.

Such criticism as was made of the proposals was frivolous at best. The King's suggestion of a substantial reduction in his privy purse was characteristic of his national sense. Nobody asked him to make it, and nobody would have thought about it if he had not made it.

As a public charge the amount involved is in any case insignificant. The King's gesture was anything but that. And I should like to remind such opposition as there was that the public provides a personal income for the King which is approximately the same as that which it provides for Miss Shirley Temple.

The truth is that the King's job is beyond computation in terms of money. If it came to a show-down, it would be worth anything the Empire could pay.

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One day in particular has struck me as a perfect example of the range of His Majesty's activities. In the morning he inspected his Irish Guards, uniformed as their Colonel-in-Chief. No officer among them made a keener scrutiny of the parade. And even the six-footers showed us no figure more athletic than the man who has a natural aptitude for keeping fit.

Since his accession the King has had little or no time for the games and sports on which he is so keen, but a private gymnasium at Fort Belvedere and running exercise in the Palace gardens claim a little time daily in his crowded life. Watching him as he inspected his Guards, we saw a figure of finely disciplined ease.

And then, in the afternoon of the same day, the King went to Savoy Hill on Duchy of Lancaster business, another responsibility to which he gives close personal attention.

All ceremony was now put aside. Dressed as any young City man might be, he walked from his car to his destination.

Not many people recognised him, but of these a few pressed beyond the limit of good manners. If for the first time since Charles the Second we have a King who likes sometimes to become the Man in the Street, we must allow him the courtesies that we allow to any other man in the street.

Curiosity on these occasions is natural, even amiable, but it can be overdone. There are public occasions in plenty on which we can stare to our heart's content.

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To my mind the most important of the King's activities during the week was his reception of the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers at the Palace, which had a significance above its own high diplomatic occasion. As Prince of Wales, His Majesty was himself known as Britain's best Ambassador, and never was a reputation more truly earned. Throughout the Empire and in foreign parts he carried the prestige of his country with a charm of authority that made him and England popular wherever he went.

It was a triumph of character in patriotic service. And, in his own words, he is "the same man still." Not one of his diplomatic guests but would acknowledge him as not only our King, but also as our best Ambassador still to the world.

I see some stress has been laid on the fact that the King has been kind to one of his household servants who was sick. But what else could anyone suppose that he would be? It is not remarkable that he should be kind. Kindness is a gracious but not a rare quality, even in kings.

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What is rare in a constitutional sovereign is intellectual courage. The conditions of his office are all against it. It is quite a distinct thing from physical courage, which again is common, even in kings. Our King certainly has that.

But the people who work with him know that he is also something far finer—an intellectually brave man. He is not afraid of opinions, nor of acting on his own convictions.

That kind of courage is infectious, and under his leadership the Palace team will be a vital force in the constitution.

The exact *personnel* of this team has not yet been decided. Lord Wigram, for so many years King George's Private Secretary, is still in constant consultation at the Palace. Upon Sir Godfrey Thomas, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Brigadier-General Trotter and Mr. Frank Mitchell rests much of the responsibility of the King's very exacting business life.

They have earned His Majesty's complete confidence, and are happy in a chief who can set a fine pace in thought and action.

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A simple example of the King's intellectual courage was his order that mourning is not to be worn at the forthcoming Court presentations in the Palace Gardens. Convention might easily have persuaded him that this would indicate some lack of due respect to the memory of the great King who has gone.

At a stroke he cut through the delusion, resting on his words spoken a few days before at Windsor: "I am especially touched by the warmth of your sympathy and by your tribute to King George's noble character." No need for black weeds in the sunshine after that.

Another event I noted was King Farouk's visit to the Palace at the moment of his departure for Egypt. It may have been in accordance with etiquette, but it was a good deal more than that.

King Edward's personality and wide experience could not fail to affect the impressionable boy who goes back home to a future of many perplexities. Here is diplomacy of the best sort, and the King alone can employ it. Such seeds grow far harvests, as Africa one day may show.

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Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough . . .

So wrote A. E. Housman, the great lyric poet who has just died at Cambridge.

The poem should take the King's fancy in these Spring days, for he is a gardener. It is one of his later enthusiasms, but a very real one.

At Fort Belvedere he does not potter about his garden giving directions; he turns to and does a steady shift himself, with growing skill at the most ancient of all employments. "God Almighty," said Francis Bacon, "first planted a garden."

The King of England, in his young maturity facing as grave a responsibility as any man in the world, perfectly trained and gifted to the task, and "inviting the soul" in the labours of a garden! There is a heartening practical poetry in that, and the Shropshire Lad would have saluted it.

Six hours in the life of the King: (1) taking the salute of lifeboatmen on his way to Chelsea Barracks. (2) There he inspected the Irish Guards. (3) Having changed into mufti he walked through the crowded street after transacting business connected with the Duchy of Lancaster.

SECRET POISONERS

Where the fight against the most elusive of murderers is waged—the laboratory at the Police College, Hendon

SCOTLAND YARD is greatly agitated at the moment by revelations that secret poisoning is much more prevalent in the country than is generally suspected.

Surprising charges indicating that such is the case have come into the "Yard's" possession as a result of the case of Nurse Waddingham, who was executed for poisoning an elderly invalid in her charge and suspected of having done to slow death about four other persons in the same manner.

While some of these allegations are based on idle gossip, many—as the police authorities know full well—are firmly founded on fact.

Indeed, Scotland Yard would, if it could, put a whole lot of secret poisoners in the dock.

It knows who these murderers are. So does the Home Office. Yet their crime is so difficult to detect and to prove that, as Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, recently estimated, one in every ten of these murderers goes free.

But for the double problem of detection and proof, the secrets contained in the Poison Room at Scotland Yard could send many of them to the gallows.

Only a short time back distinguished officers acting upon the instructions of a head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and poison experts, were investigating the strange case of an elderly man who has been ill for a long time. He had been slowly dying from the effects of poisoning.

Unsolved

In this case the informer did not reveal his identity, nor give any indication of the suspected poisoner.

One of our most famous pathologists, and the dying man's doctor have been consulted, and the resultant enquiries have been carried out so cautiously that the invalid himself has been given no inkling of the truth in case the knowledge would impede his slender chance of recovery.

Traces of arsenic were discovered in due course.

This poison is not easily traced in the body before death. Yet in this case it is certain that the poisoning had been going on for a considerable period of time.

The mystery is still unsolved and the probability is that it will remain so for all time.

Not long ago a poison expert was consulted by a young doctor concerning a patient under his care who had been ill for months with what at first appeared to be an affection of the large intestine.

The doctor described the symptoms to the expert, and said a grave suspicion had dawned upon him during the last few days. That suspicion could be summed up in one word—*Arsenic.*

Grave risk

On the advice of the expert the doctor had an analysis made and arsenic was found.

He then laid the facts before the General Medical Council. He was assured that he could do nothing without incurring the gravest risk, as an action for slander would ruin him professionally. But so certain was he that his patient was being poisoned that he decided on a courageous but dangerous course.

He went to an individual whom he had reason to suspect and told him that an analysis had disclosed the presence of poison in the body (he was careful not to use the word arsenic). He then asked, in a casual way, how it might have got there.

The manner in which his communication was received gave him cause for further uneasiness. In collaboration with the poison expert, he then watched his patient still more closely for some time, and finally had a further analysis made.

The suspected poisoner had apparently been put on his guard, for, this time, the result was a negative one.

Helpless

Meantime, the doctor consulted the police, and some of their officers got busy.

But what could they do? Although they took many statements, and made the most minute enquiries, they came to the conclusion that no successful action could be taken because the suspected person had been warned by the doctor's questioning and had stopped giving the poison.

A few months ago a woman died in a provincial town in suspicious circumstances, but her doctor, who had been attending her for months, certified that her death was due to peritonitis following gastric ulcers and perforation of intestinal channels.

Then information, which later reached the police, led to an investigation by a Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard. He took long statements, the woman's body was exhumed, and parts of it sent to the Police Laboratory at Hendon, where Doctor Davidson, who is known as the "Poison Sherlock Holmes," examined them.

He reported that the woman had not died from peritonitis at all, but had been slowly and deliberately poisoned over a long period.

But, in spite of all the endeavours of the police, no further action has been possible because the essential proof is lacking.

Sordid details

Among the scores of secret reports filed at the Hendon Police Laboratory, and also at the Criminal Record Offices at the "Yard," and at Wakefield, where the provincial files are kept, are the sordid details of many similar cases to these.

One, which has not yet been closed, concerns the death of a man named Erwin Leopold, who died recently. He lived in Buckland Crescent, Hampstead.

Several of his business friends noticed that, without any apparent cause, he had looked ill before he suddenly collapsed in great pain. Within a short time he was dead, and the circumstances were so strange that his doctor refused to sign a "natural causes" certificate of death. An inquest was therefore held and was followed by a police enquiry.

Considerable quantities of oxalic acid and other poisons were found in Leopold's body.

It was known at the time that the man was associating with certain foreigners, but no action has been possible.

A man named George Eke died some months ago at Leicester. His death was brought to the notice of the City Coroner. Save that a searching enquiry was made, and revealed poison in the body, the coroner finally recorded an "Open Verdict," saying it was one of the most disturbing cases he had ever had before him.

Arsenic, which has hitherto been very easy to obtain from ironmongers, seedsmen and oil dealers, is by no means the only poison used by the secret slayer. In unsolved crimes of this type which constantly come before the Home Office and Police Chiefs all over the country, morphine, strychnine, antimony, bella donna, barbiturate, lead salts, atrophine and amonitine are commonly used. Most of them leave little or no trace within a few months of the victim's death.

Still at large

Unfortunately, the danger does not end here. Chemical science has advanced by leaps and bounds during the last fifty years. There now exist a number of therapeutic substances which, while they are of great value in medicine, are extremely dangerous if improperly used.

There is, for instance, a certain hormonic substance which, if introduced intravenously in sufficient dosage, will kill a healthy human being in about four hours!

The victim will die of heart failure and *no trace whatever of the substance can be found in the body.*

It is, as a matter of fact, the decomposition of this substance which, by inducing changes in the body,

The Human Machine

Get Off the Fence!

ONE of the reasons why so many people make a mess of their mental lives is that they think their minds are something weird and mysterious and utterly beyond their reach. They either don't, or won't, believe that the mind is as easily ruled as the body. They refuse to apply to mental living even the simplest rules that they apply to physical living.

Let us take a very simple example—the person who puts off, who delays making decisions, who hesitates and dithers and, always meaning to turn over a new leaf and behave differently, goes on doing nothing in particular about anything.

Does that same person illtreat his body as he maltreats his mind? By no means! When his body is hungry he feeds it; when it is thirsty he gives it a drink; when it is tired he allows it to rest.

Why? Because he knows very well that if he puts off eating and drinking and sleeping from day to day he'd quickly die from starvation and exhaustion.

Why not treat your mind at least as fairly as you treat your body? It will respond just as readily. And although the results may not be so apparent, it will equally wilt and wither under bad treatment.

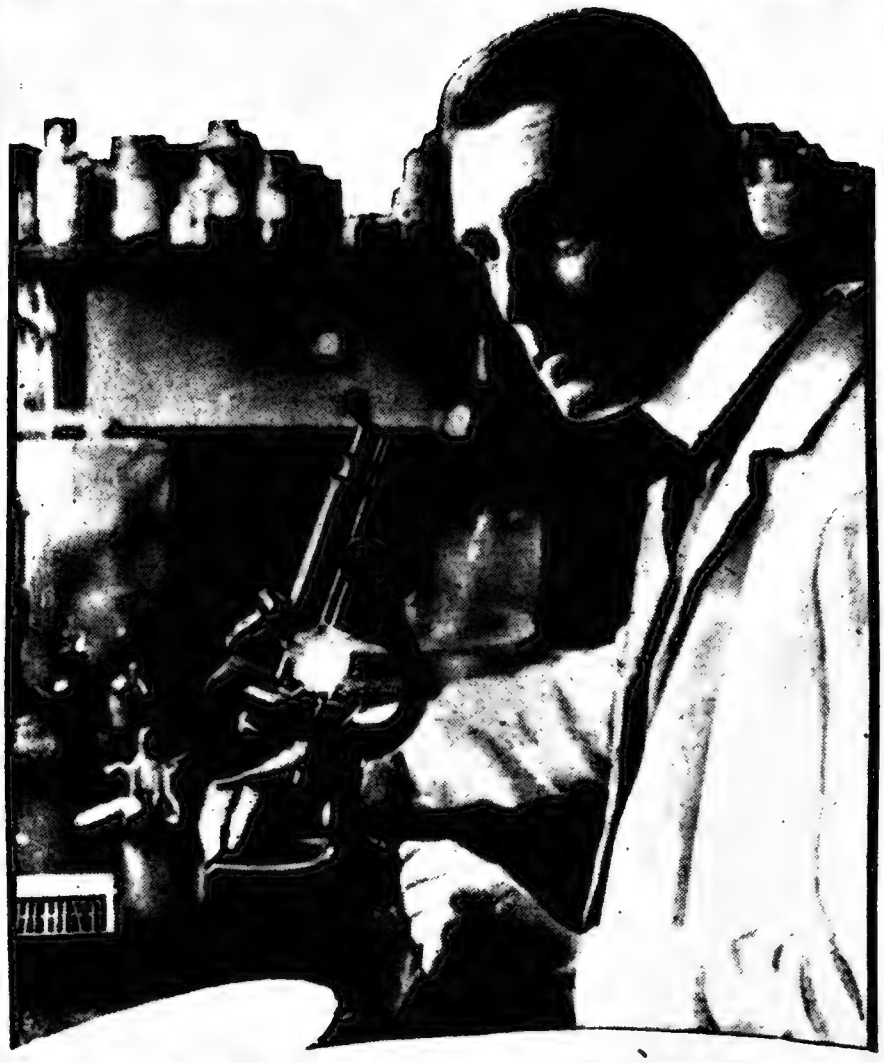
When, for instance, a case is plain and the necessity for action is urgent; when something quite definitely has to be done about a certain thing; why be unfair to your mind and set it wobbling like a half-set jelly? It wants work, action, decision. Let it have it. It will stand up to the strain all right. You needn't be frightened!

When you have a decision to make—make it. Don't run to other people for help. Stand on your own feet. Rely on your own powers. Depend on your own courage. Have a little self-respect and allow your mind to have some!

BY THE SCORE

A Wave of "SAFE MURDER" Going On

Alarming Disclosures



Among the scientific experts aiding Scotland Yard is Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist. But even the incriminating discoveries he makes seldom seal the doom of the poisoners

causes death, and literally disappears in doing its work.

The only trace left could be the prick of the needle of the hypodermic syringe, which is not sufficient evidence in a court of law.

In one unsolved case, however, in which Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the pathologist, played a prominent part, a body was exhumed after a burial had taken place nearly two years previously on a certificate that death was due to "natural causes."

An analysis of the stomach revealed, even at that stage, and despite the fact that changes in the body had decomposed the drug, the existence of morphine. Sir Bernard Spilsbury said that a fatal dose must have been given. But the most searching enquiries failed to bring the murderer to book.

A similar case occurred a few years ago, when a woman died from an illness her doctor diagnosed as tetanus. After some months information reached the police that she had been poisoned. Her body was then exhumed, and both atrophine and morphine were found. But, with sufficient proof lacking, the actual cause of her death has remained a mystery ever since.

Instances can be multiplied indefinitely showing how poisons can be, and are, freely used with murder as the motive. And the astonishing thing is that, as in the case of Nurse Waddingham, many of these poisoners are known or suspected to have killed victims previously in crimes that have remained unsolved.

English victim

A case in point is that of a much-convicted bigamist who, with a string of aliases, went to the gallows about four years ago for poisoning his mistress, all of whose money he had obtained and dissipated.

He had made a practice of communicating with wealthy women through matrimonial agencies. Before he was brought to book, he had constantly figured on the list in the "Yard's" Poison Room. Though each of his victims had apparently died from natural causes, we can

One of the secret poisoners the police did catch – Nurse Waddingham. Above—Mr. Norman Kendal, the distinguished head of the Criminal Investigation Dept. of Scotland Yard, where every possible step is taken to bring all secret poisoners to book.

reveal that he had slowly poisoned three previous victims, all well-to-do women whom he had bigamously married and robbed.

Amazing facts are contained in the records of the "Yard's" Poison Room. Mrs. Major, Armstrong, who killed his ailing wife, Vaquier and Crippen are all officially known to have been responsible for other poison deaths for which they were never apprehended.

One of these secret poisoners was a doctor, who was convicted and executed in America. At least one of his victims was an Englishwoman whose mysterious death was investigated by a detective-superintendent from the "Yard."

Timely suspicions

The doctor-poisoner, having got into serious financial difficulties, administered a drug, and under its influence induced several women to make wills in his favour.

One by one they died, apparently of heart failure, and were buried after he himself had signed certificates that their deaths were due to "natural causes." Actually, the cause of death was an intravenous injection of prussic acid.

Four women had fallen victims to this poisoner before even suspicion was aroused. Indeed, he might never have been convicted at all but for the fact that a syringe was discovered by a police officer before the doctor had time to clean it. The traces in it of prussic acid sealed his fate.

Phosphorus is another poison which has until now been easy to obtain, though it can be put to deadly use by the secret poisoner. The symptoms it produces are those of acute jaundice.

About eighteen months ago a woman became ill with what her doctor supposed was jaundice. He became puzzled at the obstinacy of the complaint, and because one of the complications was of a character never known in connection with this malady. The timely suspicions of the doctor saved this woman's life.

The police were called in and discovered that the poison which almost caused her death was absorbed into her system from the keys of a typewriter she used in connection with her business.

Somebody, whose identity has never been discovered, had constant access to this typewriter and had periodically smeared the keys with an ointment of yellow phosphorus. Slowly but surely the deadly compound had been absorbed through the skin of the woman's fingers.

A Birmingham doctor informed the police that the illness of one of his patients suggested foul play. Red lead was being mixed with cocoa given to this patient by a man named Claude T. Montague, who was sentenced to a long term in prison for attempted murder.

Montague was trapped by two police officers who watched his movements from a concealed hiding place, and actually saw him mixing his deadly draught.

One of the most curious of these poisoning cases, investigated some time ago by Scotland Yard, concerns a woman who had three or four mysterious illnesses within a short period of each other. Each time she collapsed with violent convulsions, and was in bed for weeks with a doctor in constant attendance.

No sooner was she better than the same thing would recur—faintness, convulsions, complete collapse in awful agony.

More victims, if . .

This particular case, by the way, is believed to be unique in the annals of crime.

A specialist was consulted, and, though the symptoms seemed to be compatible with the complaint from which she was supposed to be suffering, the police were called in.

They found that the woman was being slowly but surely poisoned. But she herself was the poisoner! For some reason, which she alone knows, she wanted to die in what must have been one of the most painful ways it is possible to conceive.

It is not surprising, in the light of our disclosures, that the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, British Association of Chemists and similar bodies have for years been striving to tighten up the law governing the purchase of poisons. And there is no doubt that the Pharmacy and Poisons Act, which came into force a few days ago, will do much to check the poisoner if its regulations are strictly adhered to.

But already foreign dealers in drugs, who specialise in what are termed "safe hypnotics," but which inevitably find a place in official statistics of deaths from poisoning, are looking for holes in the new Act.

We hope they will not find any. If they do, it will mean more victims for the most elusive of all murderers —the secret poisoner.

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10 FOR 4D
15 FOR 6D

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

We Salute a Brave Gentleman!

L.G. Has Warned Us—Hospital Charity Cheats—A Model Millionaire—"Cart First" Kingsley

THE Emperor of Abyssinia.

YOUR MAJESTY,—In your hour of defeat, humiliation, and exile as an Emperor without an Empire, you have my deepest sympathy.

You have my admiration as well as the gallant defender of your country. No one could have done more in the terrible circumstances.

Indeed, in your defence of a badly armed, primitive people, you proved so much a match for the bombs and big guns of a well-equipped modern army that they had to use poison gas to conquer you, even though you were betrayed and deserted by some of your most trusted generals.

• • •

Worse than that, you were betrayed by the world's statesmen. Their shuffling at Geneva, their intrigues and hesitations, have won them the contempt of all.

Of all the big figures concerned in this tragic affair, you alone emerge with clean hands—a white man if ever there was one.

Abyssinia, though poor and backward, never hesitated to give what help she could to the League. Only once since she was elected a member did she fail to pay her financial contributions.

In my opinion the League could do worse than make you a gesture. It could, now that your empire itself is no more, return those contributions to you and your family.

That, at least, would help to soften the humiliation that exile imposes on you.

• • •

They say that after your stay in Jerusalem you are coming to make your home in England.

Many of the Mighty Fallen have done that before you. But to none of them has our welcome been more cordial than it will be for you when you reach our shores.

If you will permit a friendly pun on your title of Haile Selassie ("Power of the Trinity"), the greeting you will get will be "Hail, Selassie!" from us all.

JOHN BULL.

"A white man if ever there was one"

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE,
Kensington, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—After your smashing indictment of the private armament firms, none but a lunatic can argue that they should be allowed to continue their traffic in Death.

The evidence against them is too plentiful and too damning to be gainsaid. Even if we ignore the big profits which they derive from mass bloodshed, there are ample reasons why we should say good-bye to them.

You charge them with helping to provoke the Great War by giving alleged "secret information" about Germany's preparations — information that was alarmist and inaccurate. Unless their trade is taken over by the State, what guarantee have we that they will not foment another world upheaval in the same old way?

You charge them with accepting vast orders in 1914 which they were unable to carry out—a failure which resulted in hundreds of thousands of casualties. How do we know, should war come again, that their greed and inefficiency won't cost us the lives of thousands more?

We do not know. We only know that the lame defence of the Merchants of Death has been demolished by the revelations made by yourself and others who have appeared before the Arms Commission.

And, if we are wise, we shall never again give them the opportunity of placing this country in peril.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT GLIKSTEN,
London, E.

DEAR SIR,—You must be one of the happiest of sportsmen millionaires. And I must thank you for bringing pleasure to thousands of poorer sportsmen.

In four years you and your brother have spent £40,000 on Charlton Athletic, the team which has made football history by rising from the Third Division to the First in two seasons.

But for your generosity that fine feat would have been impossible. All the more gratifying is the fact that you are interested not in profits but the sport itself.

"We get as much thrill out of watching Charlton play as the man who pays his bob," you declare. What a pity so few rich men have so human a hobby!

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—In a few weeks' time you will make known the results of the housing overcrowding census. You will have to admit that nearly half a million more houses will be needed to provide the standard of accommodation you have laid down—not more than two people to a room.

Birmingham will want 7,500 of them, Newcastle 10,000, Edinburgh 20,000, London 100,000—and so on.

And, in the interests of employment as well as the overcrowded, you should lose no time in getting on with the job.

Do not let yourself be persuaded that it can be done by the speculative builders. Private firms either cannot or will not provide houses to be let at low rentals. Indeed, thousands of decent folk are living in scandalous conditions only because they cannot afford the high rents demanded for empty flats and houses.

If you adopt my suggestion to outlaw the profiteering on rent you will certainly solve their difficulty. If you see that the local authorities build enough houses to overcome the shortage in many towns, you will solve the other problem.

So far, you show no sign of doing either. Instead, you are going to make overcrowding an offence in many districts after the end of the year.

Why on earth must you put the cart before the horse?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. H. LEE,
Stoke-on-Trent

DEAR SIR,—Let me express the hope that you will succeed in bringing red revolution into the coal industry.

You will agree with me, I know, that even the Diehards need not be alarmed at this prospect.

All that is happening is that you and other experts are experimenting at a North Staffordshire colliery with a new system of lighting. Based on the neon red ray device, it promises to reduce the risk of explosions and combat the dreaded miners' blindness.

If all the ideals of revolutionaries were inspired by similar high motives, even coalowners could "go Red" without losing caste.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—As you may know, a private Bill is being prepared to stop the exploitation of hospitals by bogus appeals. In the public interest, you should guarantee it a speedy passage into law.

But I trust you will go further. We need not merely a piecemeal attempt to thwart the charity-mongers but a comprehensive measure which will end one of the biggest abuses of our time.

It must no longer be possible for the unscrupulous to cheat the law by giving to some charity a penny or two out of every pound they collect.

It must not be permissible for any get-rich-quick scoundrel to exploit for his own ends the names of great hospitals or public men.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALAN ("SLOGGER") WATT,
Kent Cricketer

DEAR ALAN WATT,—Thanks for those ten sixes against Gloucester. They've started off the Brighter Cricket season so brilliantly that we all hope you will prove one of its leading lights.

Some of the critics say you "went wild" in that sparkling display. Go wild again!

And if only a few more players go wild, too, we shall not need to worry so much about "the decline of cricket."

JOHN BULL.

Gen. Sir CYRIL DEVERELL,
Chief of the Imperial General Staff

DEAR GENERAL,—I cannot blame you if you are feeling a little bewildered. Tommy Atkins' ideas for brightening the tedium of barrack life are so drastic as to bewilder most people.

Consulted as to the best methods of attracting recruits, troops stationed in Yorkshire suggest that more comfortable uniforms, better pay, greater freedom after parade hours and permission to invite lady friends to dinner in the canteen would do for a start.

All well and good, though some folk may consider even those concessions drastic. But it is also hinted that all cleaning tasks in the barracks should be done by civilian employees.

I don't so much object to the swelling of Tommy's ranks as the swelling of Tommy's head.

JOHN BULL.

Master KENNETH SPEED,
Bridgwater, Somerset

DEAR KENNETH,—Listening-in to an appeal for the Cardiff Poor Cripples' Aid Society, you had just a shilling in your pocket—earned by working in a neighbour's garden.

Yet straightway you wrote a letter to the Society, expressing your sympathy with the crippled youngsters and enclosing that cherished shilling.

You are only thirteen, but you should grow up into a splendid type of citizen. Never let the pity which you feel now for life's unfortunates be soured by disappointment or adversity!

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.C.C.

LIPSTICKS and cosmetics,
Polishes and dyes,
Pencils for the eyebrows,
Eye-drops for the eyes
Furnish ammunition
For each social churl
Eager to pass strictures
On the Modern Girl.

Little dabs of powder,
Little daubs of paint
Make the merry widow
Look like what she ain't!
Long may they continue
Thus to play their part,
Hiding Nature's blunders
With the aid of Art!

How many of us would care to go back to the days when the female of the species favoured nature unadorned? Not many, I fancy; for we may suspect some of our eminent cranks of being equally eminent liars if they seriously invite us to believe that they prefer sallow cheeks and shiny noses to those suitably titivated.

Even those vehement critics of the modern girl who see red whenever they see a pair of red lips would not really like women to give up make-up; for an absence of powder and paint would deprive them of powder and shot.

Lipstick Ladies

Things being thus, one is surprised to read of the Marquess of Titchfield, M.P., asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he knows how much is spent yearly on lipstick and other cosmetics and has he considered these articles as possible sources of revenue.

Mr. Chamberlain replied that imported cosmetics are already taxed, and he is not prepared to tax those of British make—an announcement which will be received with satisfaction by all women who render lip service to beauty, and all men who are not obsessed by facial prejudice and wish to draw the colour line.

It may, of course, be urged that since those who go to gaze on Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies have to pay Entertainment Tax, it is unfair that beauty parades in parks on summer evenings should go untaxed. But if the Chancellor taxed the pretty paintings so artistically executed by business girls he could not reasonably refuse to tax the much less attractive ones exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Doubtless there are some people who would favour a tax on cosmetics less for raising revenue than for raising the standard of modesty, but those who persistently associate make-up with immodesty should really give this matter a little more thought:

Our critics point to grandma's day,
When lips were rarely painted
And cheeks showed no unnatural pink
And women were, they'd have us think,
Comparatively sainted.

The female shin, much less the calf,
Had not then been discovered;
And yet, it seems, in days of old
These paragons were rather bold
In what they left uncovered!

Our much more modest girls to-day
Won't do in public places
What these young hussies used to do
Quite brazenly, and that is to
Appear with naked facts!

Y. Z.

It's twice as much fun when you SNAP IT!

—and it's so easy to snap it with the *Baby 'Brownie'*, the new arrival in the 'Brownie' family. You simply aim—and press the trigger. Smooth modern streamlining; tested Kodak lens. The Baby 'Brownie' takes a No. 127 Kodak Film, and costs only **5/-**

—and remember

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After Addis Ababa—What Now?

Britain's intense passion for peace was revealed by the League of Nation Union's Peace ballot. Mobilisation of this "Will-to-Peace" spirit would put the war-mongers to flight. Here is Dame Adelaide Livingstone photographed when she was organising the Union's great ballot

YOU CAN *Stop* WAR

says

A. G. GARDINER

"by helping to mobilise the Will-to-Peace"

THE Italian gunman has triumphed. He has triumphed by the weapons and methods with which his compatriot Al Capone has familiarised us in the gangster world, and at Geneva this week Europe faces the wreckage. That the League as it stands has suffered a deadly blow is obvious. Perhaps it would be truer to say that it is perishing by its own hand.

But if, in its present constitution, it is doomed to die, it can at least die fighting and die honourably. That would redeem in some measure the shame of its betrayal of itself, of Abyssinia and of European civilisation.

It has failed to prevent a monstrous crime, but it can refuse to be a party to that crime and it can still rob the criminal of the fruits of his crime.

This means that Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia should not be recognised. The sanctions should not be lifted but strengthened. Italy's outrages against the laws of civilised communities—the breach of treaties, the bombing of the Red Cross and the infamous use of poison gas—should be denounced and Italy should be kept in diplomatic and economic quarantine until she consents to the terms of the League.

These are not empty weapons. If they were employed they would still be decisive.

Empty coffers

Mussolini is only at the beginning of his vast adventure. He has exhausted his country in the terrific effort to anticipate the rains and the effect of sanctions.

His exchequer is empty. His trade has vanished. He is faced in Abyssinia with a task of consolidating his victory that cannot be accomplished without external help. He must have money. His agents are touting for it in London at this moment, and already his Press, which for months past has been reviling this country, is turning from abuse to flattery.

Let Europe refuse its help to the criminal to consummate his crime. Let it close its pockets and its ports against him and Mussolini, instead of dictating terms like a conqueror, will be compelled to bow to the League and consent to an honourable settlement of Abyssinia under the League's protection and guarantees.

I have little confidence that this will be done. All the indications are that the League will accept the *fait acompli*. In other words, "Hands up!" to Mussolini.

The French elections have come too late to influence French policy, and Mussolini, with his infamous victory won, will be on his best behaviour in order to extract money from British pockets. He will promise not to use poison gas in civilised Europe, not to raise a black army in Abyssinia, and not to menace us in Egypt or in our route to India.

And his assurances will be accepted and the slate will be cleaned, and Mussolini will be left with his booty to choose the moment for his next adventure.

If that is the result the League, if not dead, is damned. And with its failure all hopes of collective security vanish. Europe will be flung back into chaos and the cry will be, "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

What in these circumstances should be the policy of this country? That is the question which every one of us must face, and face at once. Three courses are before us.

The first, and the worst, is that we should revert to the Balance of Power—that we should cultivate alliances and so divide Europe into two armed camps as in 1914.

That is to despair of peace and to prepare frankly and openly for war. And it would bring the war quickly, for the race in armaments, already fierce enough, would be speeded up to a pace that could not be maintained. War would come as the explosion comes when the ignition point is reached.

The second course is isolation.

Only course

This means cutting ourselves politically adrift from the Continent, as America has done. We arm ourselves to the teeth, stand aside from the European cockpit and await events, ready to act in the cause of peace or war, on one side or the other, as occasion dictates.

It has its advocates and was a possible policy once. It is so no longer. At the outbreak of war the dominant object on each side would be to compel us to come to its rescue, and the first menace to the Channel ports, the first threat to our food supplies would bring us into the vortex.

Isolation will not save us — cannot save us. It could not even save America in the Great War, nor will it save her if Europe bursts into flames again.

The only thing—the third course—that can save any of us from the holocaust is to organise the Will-to-Peace of the nations as a whole.

That Will exists in every land and only seeks a vehicle for its expression. The common people everywhere shudder under the terrific menace that overhangs them.

We have taken a plebiscite of our own people, and it showed how intense and universal is the passion for peace. I believe that a similar plebiscite in any country would reveal the same passion. It certainly would in France. Even in Germany it is not War that the people want. It is certain satisfactions which they have been denied and to which they believe themselves to be entitled that they seek.

It is true that the dictatorships are a peril. They are conceived in violence and live or fall by violence, as Mussolini has just shown.

But the answer to them is to mobilise against them the Will-to-Peace of the Peoples who see themselves doomed to be the cannon-fodder of another Armageddon — with its ten million dead and its harvest of economic ruin. It was to mobilise this Will of plain humanity, to substitute the Reign of Law for the Reign of War, that the League of Nations was formed. It is for that that it exists.

And it must continue to exist, for there is no other way of salvation for us. We must not falter because of its failure. We must not take short views. We are engaged in the greatest adventure that humanity has ever embarked upon, an adventure dreamed of and desired by the prophets and teachers in all ages. It is an attempt to outlaw the barbarism of war, and through co-operation and justice to make this world "a better place for man's brief earthly dwelling."

We can do it, and I believe we shall do it. But we must learn the lessons of this setback in the great adventure.

Big question

If the League is shattered we must build it again, and build it better. It must be divorced from the evil associations of the "Peace" of Versailles, which was no peace. It must face the great question of the "Haves" and "Have-nots" fearlessly. It must stand, not for the *status quo*, but for even-handed justice to all. It must stand inflexibly for the Rule of Law and the decrees of Justice in the affairs of men. And it must be armed with the authority and the force to preserve the peace and execute the law.

This is the only policy that can bring hope to the world. It is the only policy to which this country can commit itself to-day, to-morrow, or in the future.

QUEER FUND *for poor children*

ANY appeal made for subscriptions towards the provision of "Holidays for Children" is usually irresistible. There is something warm in human nature that does not fail to respond to the call for sending the kiddies for a romp in the meadows or by the sea.

But though great is the need, there are far too many people ready to exploit it. Collecting for "charity" is still the worst ramp in the land, and with the advent of summer comes the spurious canvasser for donations.

The "Fund for Poor Children," of 7, The Grove, Hammersmith, London, is the latest organisation established to take advantage of good-hearted philanthropy. The canvassers attached to this concern are already actively engaged, chiefly in suburban districts.

The first step is made almost in confidence, for a letter is either delivered by hand or through the post, addressed "Dear Sir or Madam," pointing out the vital necessity of helping the children of the poor.

"Please give as freely as possible when our authorised collector calls for the little envelope," the letter runs. "Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed and made payable to the Fund."

The "little envelo. " mentioned is buff-coloured, and, according to it, the "Fund for Poor Children" provides not only holidays in summer, but also free meals in winter. There is, in fact, a good deal about this new organisation purporting to be for the benefit of children which calls for comment. There is no mention of a committee or governing body of any kind, nor are there signs of any annual report.

There is no record of it having accomplished anything, nor is there any available information as to how much money has been received.

The original headquarters were in a private house in Minford Gardens, London, but a week or two back the "Fund" moved to its present address. A well-known firm of accountants was approached with an offer to act for it, but declined Soon afterwards an invitation to subscribe was left at the Archbishop's House, in Westminster.

The chairman of the "Fund for Poor Children" is Mr. H. S. Thompson, whose claim to recognition in the realms of social service is that he was formerly connected with an employment agency for disabled ex-Servicemen.

In his efforts to cater for children now he is assisted by Miss Violet Godfrey Turner, who was at one time employed by another organisation of similar character.

Since it is not connected in any way with any of the larger and well-established organisations that cater for the same needs, the "Fund for Poor Children" is quite superfluous. It is, in fact, just one more mushroom charity we could well do without

FREE 2 MAGNIFICENT OFFERS also "special offer" coupon worth 1/-

Available until September 30th, 1936

Allinson are making this wonderfully popular offer in order that as many people as possible should, through the coming summer, be encouraged to prove to themselves by a week's trial that Allinson Bread is the best bread that money can buy—best for health, best for nourishment, best for flavour, and best for economy—ideal for growing children.

Allinson Bread is particularly appetizing for sandwiches and, with salads, for picnics, etc., at which you doubtless will be taking that winning snapshot.

OFFER No. 1

15in. X 12in. ENLARGEMENT

of your favourite photograph

Everybody treasures at least one very special photograph . . . little Peter so defiant on his sand castle . . . . or mother with just the expression you will always love to recall . . . . or that charming glimpse of Clovelly . . . . or Cicely looking so quaint in her fancy dress . . . . you can now have it made into a "perfect picture," 15 in. × 12 in., to hang on the wall and delight you for ever—FREE OF ALL COST WHATSOEVER. This wonderful offer is open until September 30th—perhaps you will want one of your Whitsun snaps enlarged (Whit-Monday is nearly here—June 1st!) or a holiday group. Cut out the coupon and save it—NOW!

The Enlargement offered is nearly 8 times the area of this illustration.

500 Guineas in Prizes

IN ADDITION TO FREE ENLARGEMENT, *each month, from May to September inclusive, a first prize of £40, a second prize of £20, a third prize of £10, and 7 prizes of £5 each, will be awarded for those amateur snapshots sent in for enlarging which are considered by three independent and expert judges (including the Art Editor of the "Daily Mail") to be the best of the month. Prize-winners will be notified by post each month.*

OFFER No. 2

ALLINSON'S POPULAR TIN AND PLATTER BREAD

Allinson Bread contains every element the body requires. The richest wheat in the world is stone-ground to preserve its nutriment, vitamins, mineral salts and "roughage" (preventing constipation), to build and maintain healthy, virile men and women.

HANDSOME PEN and PENCIL SET

The pen has the latest improvements, giving beauty of design and perfection in performance. Patented ladder feed for a uniform flow of ink. Easy and complete filling with a simple press of the stud. Safety screw cap guaranteeing a leakproof pen, yet keeping the nib always moist. The pencil to match has a strong propel, repel and expel action, and holds the lead absolutely rigid. Both are British Made.

CONDITIONS and RULES

Both the enlargement or the pen and pencil set are available for you free of all cost in return for 30 Allinson paper vouchers, one of which comes to you round every loaf—OR IF YOU PREFER YOU MAY SEND ONLY 20 VOUCHERS ACCOMPANIED BY A POSTAL ORDER FOR ONE SHILLING.

The coupon below has been given a value equivalent to 4 vouchers. Instead of 30 vouchers, send only 26 and this coupon—or instead of 20 vouchers and 1/-, send this coupon with only 16 vouchers and 1/-.

Fill in your name and address on the coupon, and send it in with the photograph (print preferred if possible, otherwise film or plate). Only one coupon is acceptable for each enlargement or pen and pencil set—but you may apply for as many enlargements or pen and pencil sets as you require, provided each application is accompanied by not more than one of these coupons together with the requisite number of vouchers or amount of cash.

Every snapshot received is automatically entered for the monthly 100 guines competition, and winners are notified by post each month.

If you do not succeed one month, you can have another try on the following month, and so on, monthly, until the end of September. No competitor, however, can win more than one prize in any one month—and all professional competitors are barred. In every case the judges' decision is absolutely final, and no correspondence can be entered into regarding this competition.

SAVE THESE VOUCHERS

They bring you these wonderful gifts. Other vouchers in Allinson products also qualify for these gifts—4 to every 3½ lb. bag of Allinson's Wholewheat Flour, 4 to each full-sized packet of Allinson Windmill Oats, 4 to each full-sized packet of Barlets, and 4 to each 10½d. size Natural Food for babies. SAVE THEM ALL.

~~100~~ 100

Allinson Bread

If you have difficulty in securing Allinson Bread, write for name and address of your nearest Allinson Baker to: Allinson, 210 Cambridge Rd., London, E.2

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FREE COUPON WORTH 1/- Equal to 4 Vouchers

To ALLINSON (S.T. Dept.), 210, Cambridge Rd., London, E.2

Please send me without charge and post free your 1/1- un accordance with my choice indicated below, for which I enclose:

(Strike out whichever does not apply).

☐ 26 Allinson Vouchers, or 16 Allinson Vouchers & Postal Order for 1/-

☐ Enlargement 15" x 12" of enclosed photograph. ☐ Fountain Pen and Pencil set.

PLACE A CROSS AGAINST GIFT REQUIRED

Name .....

Address .....

N.B. Only one of these 4 Voucher-coupons is available for any one P/L.

Astounding Children's Court Order

Three Years for FIRST OFFENCE

That Capt. E. Wallace, M.P. for Hornsey, is fond of children is shown by this picture, taken at a baby show. He should endeavour to secure freedom for the son of two of his constituents

JOHN BULL readers will look with justifiable dismay at the facts of the case of a boy in Hornsey, North London, who on the eve of his sixteenth birthday has just been put away for three years' detention.

An excellent provision of the new Children's Act is that the names of young persons charged in court must never be publicly revealed, even in efforts made after their trial to prove that they are innocent or have been unjustly dealt with.

For the purpose of making his case known, therefore, this boy will be called "Harry Brown." His father is a locomotive driver with a splendid record of service on one of the main line railways.

The story of Harry's conviction and sentence may seem startling, but it is only typical of a great number of cases in which JOHN BULL is asked to intercede and which demonstrate the true reasons why the reformatories are chock-a-block and a huge number of children are being held in remand prisons awaiting vacancies in the institutions.

One night recently, young "Harry Brown" was on his way home from the kinema with a youth who, unknown to him or his parents, had an exceedingly bad record and who was, in fact, at that time already on probation for a thieving offence.

There is no doubt that this lad broke into a British Legion club while Harry was with him. Harry actually carried away a dartboard which his companion said he intended to raffle.

There is no doubt also that a raffle did take place. Twopenny tickets were offered in the district, and Harry bought two and won the prize. There was never any attempt to conceal his possession of the dartboard, and it was openly used for weeks by him, his brothers and sisters and their young friends.

Soon the police came to know of the whereabouts of the board, and identified it as one which had been stolen from the British Legion club.

About 8 o'clock one night, two detectives called at Harry's home and, in the presence of his father, subjected the boy to a long interrogation regarding a series of shopbreaking incidents. He satisfied the officers that he knew nothing whatever about any of them except the occurrence at the British Legion club, when, he said, he had been persuaded to remove the dartboard.

It was definitely established by the police that Harry was quite innocent of complicity in any of the other offences which his companion had committed.

The detectives stated that it was necessary for Harry to accompany them to the police station to be questioned further in private. His father was told to follow in about an hour.

At 10 p.m., Harry was given back to his father on provision of bail of £5, and the boy was ordered to attend at the police court next morning on a charge of having been a party to breaking into the club and stealing the dartboard.

The least the father expected, of course, was that an adjournment would be ordered so that he could obtain legal advice and help. If he had been allowed to do so, his boy would in all probability have been restored to him without punishment.

Moreover, it is an essential principle of the Home Office instructions to the police and magistrates that cases affecting juveniles should be dealt with cautiously and patiently, and ample time allowed for the investigation of the children's records and home circumstances.

But, on the morning after the visit of the detectives, Harry Brown was sent to three years' detention in a naval training establishment near Liverpool.

In passing, let it be said that it was stupid even to send him to such a place, because he is only 4 ft. 5 in. in height and never likely to be accepted as a sailor.

The punishment appears more terrible when it is known that it was stated in court that Harry not only had no previous convictions but had never before been in any kind of trouble.

Quite astounding was a statement made to the magistrates that Harry and his companion who was concerned in the theft of the dartboard were leaders of a gang and that Harry was beyond the control of his parents. This was said without any evidence whatsoever to support it, and, if time had been allowed for enquiries to be made, it would have been found to be completely inaccurate.

The magistrates asked for Harry's school and employment record to be given. It was explained to them that this was not possible, because there was no time since the boy had been charged. If opportunity had been given for the smallest investigation to take place, excellent testimony as to his honesty and truthfulness would have been forthcoming from his former headmaster and his employers since he left school.

If the magistrates had waited for any of these things, we do not think they would have sent him to three years' detention forthwith.

Harry's mother was in hospital at the time, and the news that her son had been taken away was kept from her until she returned home. When she heard it, she went immediately to the court and asked for mercy, declaring that her boy was completely innocent, had always been dutiful and of upright character, and that he had an excellent home.

She was nonplussed when told that her appeal could not be entertained, and that she should be pleased that her boy would be well fed, well clothed and well looked after for three years at the expense of the State! In tears, but in vain, she cried out that Harry had done no wrong and that his proper place was in his home and in his job.

She was told that she and her husband would be allowed to visit their son every week. It is baffling to try to understand the mentality which can suggest that working-class parents can afford to travel weekly, or even occasionally, between London and Liverpool.

It is three months since "Harry Brown" was sentenced in such extraordinary circumstances. But he has not even now reached the place of detention to which he was ordered to be sent. Like so many other children, he is "awaiting a vacancy," and, meanwhile, is being used as a scullery drudge in an officers' mess in a remand prison.

One Hour of *Horror*—BY ORDER

Father's Ghastly Accident Vigil

MANY people know to their cost that Red Tape won't stretch, but the fact has never been more tragically illustrated than in a fatality that occurred in Hoylake, Cheshire, the circumstances of which demand immediate condemnation.

These are the facts: An eleven-year-old boy, Donald Tyson Hadwin, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Hadwin, of Evans Road, Hoylake, was cycling in Market Street of that town on a Friday afternoon. He was riding a bicycle rather too big for him, so that he could not be seated on the saddle; and he was also carrying a bag of newspapers.

A heavy lorry was approaching the boy, and then in a flash of time the accident happened. Donald Hadwin, trying to shift the papers from under one arm to the other, wobbled into the offside of the lorry. The back wheel passed over his head. Death was mercifully instantaneous.

Within five minutes Mr. Hadwin, the father, had been told and was upon the scene. The police were already there.

A crowd, of course, collected. The street was thronged with people. Children were returning home from school. There was a constant passing of motor omnibuses filled with passengers.

Now, imagine this horror. For the better part of an hour the crushed, mutilated body of poor Donald Hadwin was left to lie exposed in the open roadway at the place of the accident. The stark callousness of it all is well-nigh beyond belief.

* * *

The reason? Red Tape in the form of a strictly interpreted police order. Before the body of Donald Hadwin was removed to decent seclusion, police photographs had to be taken *on the spot.*

For this it was necessary to fetch an official police photographer from a divisional station five miles away.

Bear in mind, moreover, there was never any suggestion of a shadow of blame attaching to the driver of the lorry. The accident was the result of pure misfortune.

Still, Red Tape would not stretch, and the Hoylake officers—without question, to their own distress—were acting in accordance with the letter of an instruction issued from the headquarters of the Cheshire County Constabulary in October last.

Under the heading "Moving a Body," the instruction was in these terms:

"In the case of a body, obviously dead, photographs should be taken *before moving anything at all.* These should be of (1) the body alone from above, and (2) the body with the surroundings, if possible with a metric scale. Enlarged photographs of the wounds should also be made."

So, with onlookers present, this routine was carried through over the body of Donald Hadwin.

At the subsequent inquest regret was expressed on behalf of the Cheshire Police for what had occurred. The local superintendent declared quite frankly:

"I can assure the relatives that nothing brutal was meant by leaving the body there. Really, I am sorry that the body was not moved before the police got there at all."

Of course, the explanation is that the order was intended to apply to cases of suspected murder. The terms of the order, however, left no discretion to police officers called to a motor tragedy.

* * *

For the relief of the public we can disclose that the order has now been amended by Major J. Becke, the Chief Constable of Cheshire.

General Order No. 19 lays down that:

"If a fatal accident occurs on a road, the first duty of the police is to remove the corpse from the road, and place the body, covered up, in as secluded a place as possible to await the ambulance, which should be immediately sent for to convey the body to the mortuary.

"Under no circumstances should a body be left on a road to await the photographer or to take measurements."

What a pity that such an order was not in force before the death of Donald Hadwin. For then this intolerable, gruesome affair would have been avoided.

"CONFESSIONS OF A QUALIFIED CHEMIST" (1)

STOMACH TROUBLE

It seems to me there's a lot of unnecessary suffering from stomach trouble these days and I put this down to two things:—

1. *Stomach sufferers don't understand the cause of their trouble, so they don't realise how easily it can be put right.*
2. *Other sufferers experiment with cheap, unknown remedies that only make their condition worse.*

What causes stomach trouble?

Whether the victims know it or not, most stomach suffering arises from acidity. Undigested food remains and ferments in the stomach. **The fermentation sets up acidity.** The trouble begins with an unpleasant, sour feeling in the throat and mouth arising from the fermentation. As the nauseous gases accumulate, the stomach becomes disagreeably, even painfully, "blown out." Headaches and lassitude follow. Dull, nagging pain sets in. The sufferers feel utterly miserable and worried.

Nothing to worry about

But why start worrying? Stomach trouble at that stage is easily put right. Many doctors used to have their own prescription for it. Chemists don't get so many of these prescriptions nowadays because a ready-compounded remedy has taken their place *which contains the most perfectly-balanced formula for dispelling acidity.* I mean Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. It is wonderfully effective, whether the condition be biliousness, flatulence ("wind"), excessive acidity, heartburn—any condition that comes under the general heading of Indigestion. **These it relieves instantly.** Indeed, I have known severe cases of gastric and duodenal ulcer cured by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder when it looked as if only an operation would bring relief. Lucky people, I say. But what a tribute to a wonderful prescription. It's a pleasure to sell such a remedy.

A chemist's sense of honour

We chemists are rather jealous of our professional reputation. Our customers rely on us. They trust our recommendations. When I advise stomach sufferers to take Alex. C. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder it is because I know a host of other cases where it has been completely successful. Maclean Brand is the powder I use myself. The great name and reputation of Macleans are a guarantee in themselves. But that signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is the supreme safeguard.

The value of a signature

I believe in signatures. When I am given a prescription the first thing I look for is the doctor's signature. A signature carries responsibility—whether it is on a passport, a rent receipt or a marriage licence. Or on a stomach powder, I might add. When people prate about this or that being just as good and only half the price, I have to smile. Cheapness and quality seldom go together. **If you are a stomach sufferer don't flirt with "cheapness" when trying to cure your own personal suffering.** Pin your faith to the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." With the "signature" powder, relief is certain and speedy—surely that is the best and safest economy.

Stomach sufferers' tributes to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder — *the signature brand*

FIVE YEARS OF GASTRIC ULCERS

I have been suffering from gastric ulcers for 5 years. I dared not have a hot meal, and at times was in agony with pains in my stomach. A friend advised me to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which I did, and thanks to your remedy I am now able to eat anything without pain or discomfort. I would not be without a bottle now for anything. I certainly recommend it to anyone who suffers.
—MR. M. BROWN, N.16.

STOMACH SUFFERER'S "UNBEARABLE PAINS"

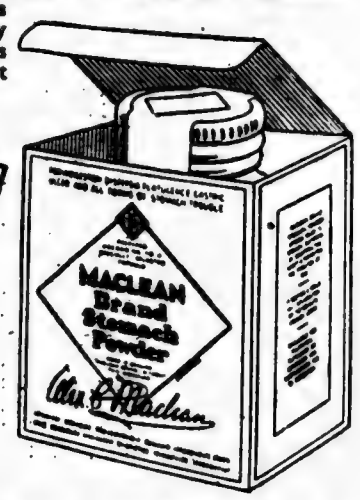
I had suffered many months from stomach trouble, sometimes not being able to eat. The pains were at times unbearable, and I was hardly able to stand up. My sister bought me a bottle of your powder. I took a dose and was amazed to find I was getting some relief, so I kept on with it, and in less than two days was able to go on my ordinary food. I take a dose after every meal and have had no pains since.
—MISS A. P., N.19.

WONDERFUL FROM THE FIRST DOSE

I used to have awful pains in my stomach which I thought was Indigestion, till it was as bad before meals as after. I thought I would go to the doctor, but was afraid he would say something dreadful. My daughter brought me a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and the first dose was wonderful. I only had to buy one bottle myself, and have never had the pain since. So it certainly cured me.
—MRS. H. CLARK, Bratoft.

"WORTH £1 A BOTTLE"

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is worth £1 a bottle for the relief it gives. I suffered terribly from Indigestion and was so bad that I began to think it was something else. I tried all kinds of different remedies, until a friend said: "Have you tried Macleans Powder, the proper powder which is sold in bottles?" I tried it, thinking it would be like the rest, but next day the pain was nearly gone, and in two days not a sign of it remained.
—MRS. L. B., Leeds.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE *Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

AN AMAZING MASTER OF FRAUD—

THE £20,000 a Year LIAR

THERE can be few more impudent rascals than Horace Ashton Jones, who has lately been working from headquarters in London and the provinces, and from several hotels at which he has wormed his way into the confidences of the management.

He boasts of his own cleverness, and has admitted that he makes as much as £20,000 a year from the people upon whom he imposes.

The experience of a dupe in one of his schemes will best illustrate his methods.

The dupe in question found Jones a bluff, smiling, well-dressed man of between forty and fifty, seated in a large and finely-appointed room. Many impressive files and documents were before him, and the visitor was ushered in by an efficient member of what appeared to be a busy staff.

Jones unfolded the story that he was the head of a syndicate which was raising funds to open modern and properly equipped canteens in offices, factories and Government departments, some of the contracts for which he already possessed.

He described how, in so many important business houses, where intervals for food are often brief, there is an urgent need for good and efficiently conducted canteens. That need was to be met by a company he was about to float.

Its name, he added, had not yet been definitely decided upon.

A great financier, however—he mentioned with a casual shrug of his shoulders—never gave investors all the plums. After all, the man with the brains to create the scheme, which was to be the basis of the proposed company's flotation, should get paid, and well paid, too, for all his preliminary work. So, too, should those who aided him financially in his great work.

He absolutely dazzled his listener, who long before the interview ended did not doubt the obvious wisdom of taking Jones' advice in "getting in on the ground floor."

"The plums"

His confidence was completely won when Jones explained that his syndicate would consist of several people, who, all putting up money, would ultimately sell out to the proposed public company.

Before the applicant left the office he parted with a substantial amount of cash for shares in the proposed syndicate.

Unfortunately, as was soon discovered, there was to be no "little private syndicate" and no company. All the ingenious Horace Ashton Jones was after was the good money of any dupes who came his way.

Several men, and at least one woman, have parted with money to him in his catering schemes, which have for years caused the police endless trouble.

Callous

Jones has during the past few years, in one guise or another, had thousands of pounds out of people in a like fashion. And to show his callousness he has just laughed at their misfortunes, while able to live in luxury at their expense.

A more light-hearted or despicable rogue we have rarely encountered, and we strongly urge any recent victims to write to Scotland Yard or the Public Prosecutor without delay

If they place faith in his excuses that "delays are inevitable," or that this or that "hitch" has occurred to hold up his great plans, they are only putting off the evil day when final disillusionment will most surely come to them.

There is not one scrap of honesty in this rascal, who is one of the world's greatest and most successful rogues.

One of his victims is a man he reduced almost to complete penury. Like most of his victims, Jones attracted this dupe through an advertisement, which ran: "Would anyone financially assist educated man of good business ability to rise after a fall."

Though Jones pretended that "the fall" was a financial one, it was nothing of the sort—it was one of many "falls" of a much different character, concerning which we shall have more to say presently.

Again it was the old, old story—the opening up of up-to-date canteens, and the remodelling of existing ones, in business premises all over the country.

The victim parted with a considerable sum in this case, on the promise of excellent profits, and on the understanding that he was to become managing director of one of the "Jones' chain" of catering companies.

Jones was then living in great style at one of London's most exclusive hotels, using two cars and occupying sumptuous offices in Oxford Street.

When this investment was made in the shares of a company that was worthless, the cultured and plausible Jones had been out of prison exactly a fortnight, after serving a long sentence for the misappropriation of funds in a catering venture, which was a mere figment of his own imagination!

That is what he really meant in his advertisements about requiring finance to enable him to "rise after a fall." The fact that he was his old, dapper, well-groomed self following so quickly upon the termination of a period of imprisonment indicates his ability to "rehabilitate" himself swiftly in criminal spheres!

All overdrawn!

Before the particular company involved in this, and other similar investments, faded out of his mind, he had operated five different banking accounts, all of which were substantially overdrawn when they closed.

His ability at gulling dupes is truly astounding, as was shown when, in one instance, he was on the point of receiving a cheque his secretary, an honest man, blundered into the room and announced that "another of your cheques has just been returned, R.D., from the bank, Mr. Jones."

"You're putting your money into a concern that will run the best canteens in the country," Jones has told dupes. Actually they are putting their money into his pocket. This is the B.B.C.'s excellent staff restaurant, the like of which Jones says he is always "about to start"

The intrusion was deliberate, the secretary being prompted to save the intending investor from handing over his money.

But the immaculate Horace Ashton Jones was not in the least perturbed. He told a convincing story that the cheque related to his personal account, concerning which there must have been some mistake about which he would take action immediately. He got the investor's cash easily, and dissipated it forthwith!

On another occasion, while he was wringing money from another victim, a sheriff's officer was announced. Mr. Jones was, as he always is, unabashed. He explained that as the landlord of the block of premises in which his offices were located, he had rented some out to a tenant who had turned out to be a crook.

The sheriff was there to deal with the matter on his behalf.

When clients have sought legal advice before parting with money in his schemes, Jones has even bamboozled their solicitors!

Jones, who is engaged on further frauds now, has dealt also in investments for such things as metals and even chocolate.

He told two very well-known financiers at Leeds, for example, that he had a big option on some tons of caked chocolate which had been made by a famous company that was going out of business. His story was a lie, but he got five thousand pounds from the men within two hours!

Although he is at large to-day, Jones has a bad criminal record, which includes 15 months for fraud, 22 months' hard labour at the Old Bailey for false pretences and other well-deserved terms.

His many dupes will welcome the day that this £20,000-a-year crook is laid by the heels.

A FANCY Goods FADE-Out

FOR sheer impudence it would be hard to equal the methods practised by an ingenious individual named E. A. March, who favours a variety of trading names in his efforts to part other people from their money.

Earlier this year he was advertising for a keen man to control and develop a branch shop of a toy, stationery and book-selling business. He stipulated that a small bond would be required from successful applicants, but offered on the other hand to give a "month's training in our methods."

Mr. A. Gray, one of March's victims outside one of the shops

One unemployed man who nibbled at this bait was told that a new branch was to be opened in the Kingston Road, Raynes Park, Surrey, and that he could be entrusted with the managership provided he deposited £25.

He accordingly entered into an agreement, but soon found that he was not the only investor. Mr. March, apparently, intended to open other branches and was quite optimistic about the future prospects.

The first suspicions of the new manager were aroused when he failed to received his proper salary.

Various expenses that had been incurred in connection with the Raynes Park shop seemed to rest lightly upon Mr. March's shoulders. He had stocked it with a miscellaneous assortment of toys and fancy goods on credit terms, but showed no readiness to pay.

In the same way, bills for office equipment, decorations and electrical installations were not being met, and to crown all, bailiffs suddenly entered the premises and took possession for rent.

Thus the business has petered out and investors and creditors alike have been left to whistle for their money.

One young man who was persuaded by March to put money into the business of Fortune and Co., of Hampton, was particularly unfortunate, since the money was his life-long savings.

Enquiry reveals some interesting points. The business was known as Fortune and Co., and when he first acquired the premises March gave as a reference the name of Lawrence and Co., of 15, High Street, Hampton.

Actually, this is a non-existent firm, and the address in question is that of a private flat occupied by March himself! Thus he had the audacity to furnish his own references.

GOLDEN MUSHROOMS

We have been asked to say that Mushroom Growers, Ltd., whose right to use the slogan "Golden Mushrooms" has been substantiated in the Chancery Division of the High Court, is in no way connected with the Mushroom Farmers' Association, Ltd., or Henry Rothfield, who had adopted the use of the words "Golden Mushrooms."

"The holiday that has everything!"...

means a holiday in **DEVON** *Glorious*

Whether you take your pleasures indolently, basking on golden sands that fringe a sea of Mediterranean blue; or energetically, striding across vast expanses of yellow and purple moorland; or inquisitively, delving into glories of the past; or joyously, exploring enchanted combes and strangely winding lanes . . . . . Devon offers you facilities for making holiday in profusion as rich as its own cowslip-yellow cream.

Holiday this year in Devon . . . . . for the storing-up of memories that will enrich many years to come.

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books:—"GLORIOUS DEVON" by S. P. B. Mais, price 1/- (2/6 bound) "HOLIDAY HAUNTS", 1936, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the county.

THE EAST GATE, TOTNES

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

Take your Holidays Early and "Leave August to the Children."

GWR

Put an edge on their APPETITES...

with **CRISPNESS**

Appetites often get fastidious. They need coaxing with the extra crispness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes! A flavour that is irresistible! A crackling lightness that is so easy to digest. Economical and sustaining.

Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes with cold milk or cream and a bit of fruit for breakfast, lunch or supper. Ideal for the kiddies' bedtime meal. The inner WAXTITE bag keeps Kellogg's always crisp and oven-fresh.

Reject Substitutes

Insist on Kellogg's and be sure of the finest quality, crispness and flavour.

NOW 5½D

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

ALL WAYS GUARANTEED

251

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

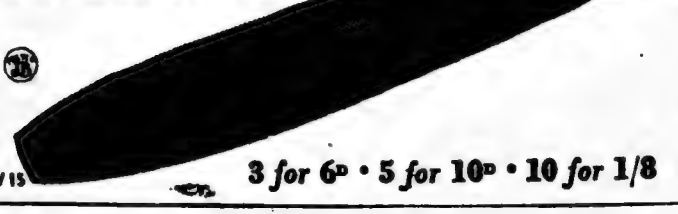
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!

WHEN YOU CATCH AN EARLY TRAIN

A MARCELLA Whiff can be a compensation as well as a delight! When business calls you earlier to town than usual, light up one of these cheery little 'smokes.' Their cool, mellow fragrance is at once soothing and satisfying.

MARCELLA WHIFFS



MW 15

3 for 6D • 5 for 10D • 10 for 1/8

Don't Consult this—Infamous *Radium* Specialist

His Big Speciality is Piling Up the Bill

The quack's "wonderful" device for providing his "all-healing" water, which he sold for £74. A local doctor would be much less expensive and far more effective

by Sir Wyndham Childs

I THINK I can claim to have unearthed one of the most blatant of quacks in the country in the person of Lynton Harvey, who has for many months past been touring the provinces and conducting a widespread advertising campaign in local newspapers.

Not long since, he installed himself at the Globe Hotel, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, where he advertised that he had consultation and treatment rooms.

"For the first time in history," he announced, "Radium Emanation has been brought to Newton Abbot by Lynton Harvey for the benefit of all sufferers."

Then followed the big type announcement of an "Important Rheumatism Discovery — Razor-edged rheumatic crystals dissolved in the blood—cause of rheumatic aches and pains completely overcome."

It then appeared that "a new treatment for rheumatism of astonishing potency has rewarded the painstaking researches of the well-known London specialist in uric acid ailments, Mr. Lynton Harvey."

This "specialist" then boasted of his cures: several "hopeless" cases not only of rheumatism, but of deafness, nervous collapse, asthma, catarrh and other complaints ranging from dyspepsia to infantile paralysis!

"Lynton Harvey's treatment has succeeded even in advanced cases," it is claimed. "Bring miracles into your life, prosperity, health and freedom from worry."

Many poor sufferers were undoubtedly attracted by Lynton Harvey's flamboyant advertising.

To quote his own words, "Many sufferers who have heard the startling good news of such miracles being performed are eagerly asking what the treatment is like."

So, having whetted the appetite of Devonians, Lynton Harvey proceeded to line his pockets with the fees of his patients before continuing his tour.

Passing on to Cornwall, he stayed at the St. Petroc's Hotel, Bodmin, and from that address concentrated not on rheumatism, but on deafness!

"Deafness cured" proclaimed his advertisement; "Nine in ten whom Lynton Harvey advises to undergo his treatment will hear again!"

Then followed a long list of other ailments which could be conquered by this plausible "specialist" from London, including arthritis, catarrh, dyspepsia, gout, lumbago, infantile paralysis, sciatica and neurasthenia.

Again he passed on his tour of the country, and my next report concerning his activities comes from Grantham, Lincolnshire, where he installed himself at the Angel and Royal Hotel.

Now, in Hunting Tower Road, there lived an old woman of eighty-nine, Mrs. de Wells, who suffered acutely from rheumatism.

It is not surprising that when this aged sufferer saw the wonderful advertisements of Lynton Harvey in the local newspapers she thought that here at last was the long-awaited cure.

She saw the plausible Lynton Harvey and paid him two guineas for a first consultation and a guinea for three subsequent treatments.

Like many others, this sufferer was almost hypnotised by the pleasing voice and sympathetic manner of this master of quackery.

It was not long before he produced a device not unlike a small water softener or a chemical fire extinguisher, which is known as the "Harvey Radium Emanator."

Callous act

This simple apparatus, for which Mrs. de Wells paid no less than £74 7s., is now on my desk as I write, and I am moved to indignation at the callousness of anyone who could extract such a sum of money from an aged sufferer.

It happens that Mrs. de Wells died this year, in spite of the costly advice of Lynton Harvey and his Radium Emanator, but I am not suggesting that her death is attributable to this quack's treatment, which is probably harmless enough.

The fact is that this sufferer came under the spell of this plausible man, who charmed a large sum of money from her, as he has from other people.

With the Harvey Radium Emanator in her possession, Mrs. de Wells doubtless hoped to be cured of all her aches and pains. She carried out the special instructions supplied with this appliance which had cost her so much.

She filled it up with water which was allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, "after which the water will be fully radio-active and ready for use."

So Mrs. de Wells took a dose of this alleged radio-active water from her brightly shining emanator three times a day, and hoped for some ease from pain.

There is a most urgent instruction to all buyers of Harvey's Radium Emanator (which happens to be of foreign make) "that on no account must the seals be broken."

This is understandable, because the inside of this £70 appliance for making radio-active water is not impressive. Indeed, there is nothing inside except a small cage about half an inch square containing two tiny loops of twisted wire encased in some white, waxy substance.

Poor Mrs. de Wells would never have thought of opening this box of tricks, and it was only after her death that her relatives decided to break the seals and see what was inside this contraption that had cost £74 7s. They were not impressed with what they saw!

So much for this sad case.

Still more recently Lynton Harvey has been in Wales, and a reader living at Llanon, Cardiganshire, has asked for advice. He has been a sufferer from stomach and digestive troubles for many years, and when he visited Lynton Harvey he was "guaranteed a cure" providing he undertook treatment as follows:

Not less than five visits to Lynton Harvey—six guineas.

To continue home treatment by purchasing his 25,000 moche-units emanator at £124 7s.

My advice to this correspondent is that he had far better consult his own local medical practitioner. It will be noticed that in this case Lynton Harvey is asking nearly double his previous charge for his emanator!

Not his name

I have no doubt at all that he will extract as much money as possible from any sufferer, grading his fees according to his own shrewd judgment as to what amount they will pay.

There is no doubt in my mind that such blatant quacks as Lynton Harvey, who promise to treat a range of serious ailments ranging from arthritis to infantile paralysis, are a menace to sufferers who clutch as eagerly at a new quack treatment as a drowning man will at a straw.

"Lynton Harvey," I have discovered, is not this sham specialist's real name. It is simply a trading title, registered as a Business Name by one Lynton Doble, who gives his "other occupation" as that of violet ray expert.

In any name or in any guise he is obviously a person to be avoided.

As he seems to range the entire country on his supposed missions of mercy, it behoves everyone to keep a sharp lookout for him.

He SWINDLES *with a* SONG

BEWARE of the golden-voiced tenor! For he is the subject of wholesale complaints in all parts of the country, and his long list of victims mainly include the type of person who can least afford to be defrauded.

Some idea of his universal range of activities can be gauged from the fact that recent victims are to be found in Doncaster, Sheffield, Barnsley and Leeds, while he has become notorious in Manchester, Luton, Great Yarmouth, Winchester, Taunton, Guildford, Maidstone, Chertsey, Bedford and Norwich!

A typical instance of his frauds was when, only a few days ago, he registered at a provincial hotel in the name of "Frederick Garner," and, after a meal, made himself thoroughly at home in the lounge, in due course providing some of the guests there with selections from his repertoire.

With suitable reticence, he intimated that he was a concert singer new to this country and was visiting various towns to fulfil engagements at concert halls at which he had been booked by a well-known London firm of theatrical agents.

He obtained credit with ease and successfully negotiated on the following day for a motor car, which he paid for with a cheque which soon came back from the bank. He also raised several sums

He sings like this to his dupes (a film study)

of money from different people by a variety of stories.

Having disposed of the car, he hired a taxi to drive him to another town and, making an excuse to the driver outside a first-class hotel, promptly disappeared. In addition to his concert and hotel frauds, he has bilked many taxi-men in this way.

In another case he took hotel apartments posing as a Civil Servant engaged on the erection and inspection of electric pylons. He obtained goods all round and, driving one of his pressing creditors to a town where he was supposed to have an important engagement, left him and his children stranded there after making another of his convincing excuses.

In one or another of his names he has obtained several cars by fraudulent means, and disposed of them for prices much below their real value.

Unfortunately, many of his worst victims are hotel proprietors of the smaller class who have all their work cut out to make a living. A typical case in this respect occurred at Sheffield. There he passed himself off as a theatrical agent who needed accommodation for a number of artists supposed to be visiting the town.

After staying at the hotel for two or three days, during which time he ran up further debts and negotiated many dishonoured cheques, he just hired another taxi, drove to a town a little farther north, and gave the driver the slip! He can certainly tell a good story as well as sing.

* * *

Several warrants for theft and larceny, in addition to fraud of the type we have dealt with briefly here, are out for his arrest, and it is to be hoped that, with scores of victims in his wake, Garner will soon be put out of harm's way for a good, long spell.

Names come to him at will, but those he is now favouring in his travels are "Frederick Garner," "Frederick Lawrence," "John Pierce," and "Frederick John Lowrance."

A hint to his identity is that he is well over six feet, about forty-five, and walks with a slight limp, but never "works" without the aid of either a motor car or taxi-cab.

Any person who may encounter this tricky troubadour should not hesitate to notify the authorities.

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No other food is so quickly converted into energy, stamina and staying power as BREAD. Perfect physical fitness depends on energy, and energy depends on eating plenty of BREAD.

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Plant your feet on the firm smooth sands on the healthy Lancashire Coast and the jolliest holiday of your life has begun.

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L M S Monthly Return Tickets take you there at a penny-a-mile, and L M S "Holiday Contract Tickets" give you the freedom of the coast resorts for ten shillings a week.

Get a copy of the Illustrated Folder "The Lancashire Coast" (free) from any L M S Station or Office.

"Holidays by L M S" (the comprehensive resort and apartment guide)—6d. from all L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers.

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IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

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Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

FREE for ASTHMA and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end everlasting cough! cough! cough! enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, quickly. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/- or 5/- packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templeton Co., Dept. CR, 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS..

Morally a MURDERER

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 2,000 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

As I looked at my friend I shuddered. There was broken glass under an overturned chair. He was swaying unsteadily; his eyes were glaring and bloodshot . . . He was in a truly terrible state

MORALLY, I am a murderer! That is a terrible thing to write of oneself, yet for some years now I have yearned to be able to ease my conscience by doing so.

Confession, they say, is good for the soul; but I have had no one in whom to confide. Reading some of the stories which others have told under the heading "Strictly Anonymous" has given me courage to pen these lines.

Not that I have ever had anything to fear from the law. Conscience has been my only judge, and my secret knowledge that I was morally responsible for sending a man to his death has proved a burden that has tortured me for years and will probably remain with me for ever.

My moral crime is all the more shameful because the man I wronged, and whom I will call Eric Stoneham, was an old friend. We were even closer than brothers, for kinsmen may often quarrel, whereas Stoneham and I never exchanged an angry word.

In the country town where we lived, our friendship was a byword, and we were often spoken of as David and Jonathan. My friend's parents had died when he was quite small and he had been brought up by an aunt until he came to the town where I had lived all my life, to take up a situation with our leading surveyor.

He lodged with a kindly old widow, but was always welcome at my home at any hour. He was a bright, cheery companion, and immensely popular with everyone.

THEN, without warning, came one of the worst shocks of my life. I called round for him one Saturday afternoon as usual, to be told by his landlady that he had been locked in his room all day and refused to show himself.

"He hasn't taken anything to eat," she said with evident concern. "When I last knocked at his door and asked if he wanted anything he told me quite roughly to leave him alone. His voice sounded strange, and I'm afraid he may be very ill."

"Well, we'll soon see," I replied. "He'll admit *me* if he won't see anyone else. Don't you worry."

I tapped on his door and called out to him. His answer came in a strained, unnatural voice. There was a sound as if a chair had fallen or been overturned, followed by a thud on the door and the rattling of a key in the lock.

The door slowly opened and as I looked through into that room that was usually so neat and orderly, I was staggered. Spirit bottles and a tumbler stood upon the table. There was broken glass on the floor under an overturned chair. The room reeked of alcohol and the atmosphere was almost indescribable.

As I looked at my friend I shuddered. He was swaying unsteadily; his eyes were glaring and bloodshot, while the leering grin on his lips told all too plainly what the trouble was. He was not ill. He was drink-sodden, and in a truly terrible state.

I cannot remember what I said to him. But he laughed in my face and collapsed on the floor, sobbing and trembling and begging me not to forsake him. I got him into bed somehow, soothed him as much as I could and then sent the landlady for a doctor.

When he arrived I left him alone with the patient while I went to allay any suspicions the landlady might have. The simple soul suspected nothing and was full of concern.

It was some time before the doctor came down and, because he knew me well, he beckoned me into the parlour and closed the door.

"You are the only one who knows of this?" he asked.

I assented and told him how amazed I had been at the discovery.

"Well," he said, "as his best friend you can do a lot—more than any doctor could do. In plain words, your friend is a dipsomaniac. Hereditary."

He went on to explain most sympathetically that Stoneham was more to be pitied than blamed. He would lead a normal, regular life for weeks—even months, probably; then, without warning, that hereditary devil within him would awaken and impel him to resort to alcohol until the transitory fit of madness ended with insensibility.

I realised as I listened to the doctor's words why in the past I had sometimes thought Stoneham strange in his manner, and why he had been in the habit of disappearing—sometimes for several days—without offering any explanation.

I said I would do anything I could. The only real cure, I was told, lay with my friend himself.

HAVING come through this bout he might be safe from any craving for months. But when that craving did come it was imperative that it should be overcome. He must keep rigidly off alcohol, as even a single glass might prove disastrous.

I promised that I would give Stoneham all the moral support that lay in my power; and I really meant it.

In a few days my friend was himself again, and though he knew I was aware of his secret we never alluded to it. But I was scrupulously careful never to drink anything alcoholic in his presence.

And then what has so often happened in fiction came upon us in reality. We both fell in love—at the same time and with the same girl.

At first it made no difference to our friendship. Ours was the friendliest rivalry; yet something told me that Stoneham's chances far exceeded mine.

Nor was I mistaken. On a day when I had made up my mind to propose he burst in upon me excitedly to announce that he had forestalled me—and had been accepted!

OF course I masked my feelings and congratulated him; but in that instant an overmastering jealousy was aroused within me and for days afterwards I brooded over my defeat.

The more I thought about it the more I thrust all friendship into the background.

I was brooding alone one night and seeking solace in a whisky and soda when Stoneham dropped in. I noticed at once that there was a queer light in his eye and it was apparent that it was not just chance that had driven him to seek my company at that moment.

He kept up an inconsequent chatter, but it did not deceive me. I guessed that a battle was waging within him. His bidden demon was awakening and he had come to me, his best friend, in the hope of gaining moral support in his hour of trial.

Presently his restless eyes fastened upon the glass in my hand. "Looking after yourself, I see," he said nervously. "Aren't you going to offer me one?"

He seemed to wait anxiously for my reply. His will was weakening, yet he counted upon me to remain adamant and help him to conquer. I knew perfectly well where my duty lay. I should have put my own drink aside and taken him for a long, rousing tramp. I should have remembered my promise to the doctor and exerted every ounce of my power to divert my friend from the danger that threatened.

But jealousy blinded me. "All's fair in love and war," I thought, and poured out a liberal peg of whisky and handed it to Stoneham without a word.

I pressed him to more after that and then, pleading some excuse, left him alone. I dare not stay with him now; already I was afraid and ashamed of what I had done; but it was too late.

WHEN I returned Stoneham had gone. The room was empty; so was the whisky bottle! I went to bed trying to stifle my conscience and tell myself that this fresh outbreak on the part of my rival might clear the way for me. . . .

At midnight I was aroused by an insistent knocking at the door. It was Stoneham's landlady. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was trembling violently. The words she blurted out in her emotion stunned me completely, and the horror of that moment is with me now as I write.

Stoneham had spent the evening in the local public house. He had been turned out very much the worse for drink; had tripped at the level crossing and, striking his head on a rail in falling, had been run over by a passing train!

In that moment I knew myself for a moral murderer; but I said nothing, nor have I ever confessed until this day.

My conscience has made me pay in agony ever since and my betrayal of my best friend is something I can never hope to live down.

I have seen the girl we both loved once only since that tragedy, and you will soon realise why I have never been able to face her. She knew of Stoneham's weakness. He had confided in her when he proposed and had promised that if ever he felt the craving again he would hurry to her or to me for moral support.

He came to me and I failed him. The girl was taken from the town by her parents to help her to forget. But I can never forget . . . that is my punishment.

THE INTRUDER

"GALE warning," began the voice at the B.B.C., going on to make mention of the danger threatened off the Yorkshire coast.

And in the area mentioned the skippers of fishing vessels gave orders to haul in the trawls and masters of cargo boats to batten down the hatches.

In a cottage on the coast, where the rising anger of the wind was the first warning, they took the only precautions possible. Doors were fastened securely, back and front. Windows were clamped tightly. The fire was encouraged with a special poke to give added cheerfulness.

One minute that little home seemed such a safe and snug refuge from the howling storm. The next——

With a crash the back door was flung inwards, torn from its hinges. A moment later the back bedroom window was blown in, too.

The housewife lay helpless on the floor, injured by a terrific blow from the falling door. And all the time the pitiless gale swept through the house, carrying deluges of torrential rain to damage the treasured contents of the home.

That gale warning was a wonderful help to ships at sea. As far as that family is concerned, however, their security lay in another direction.

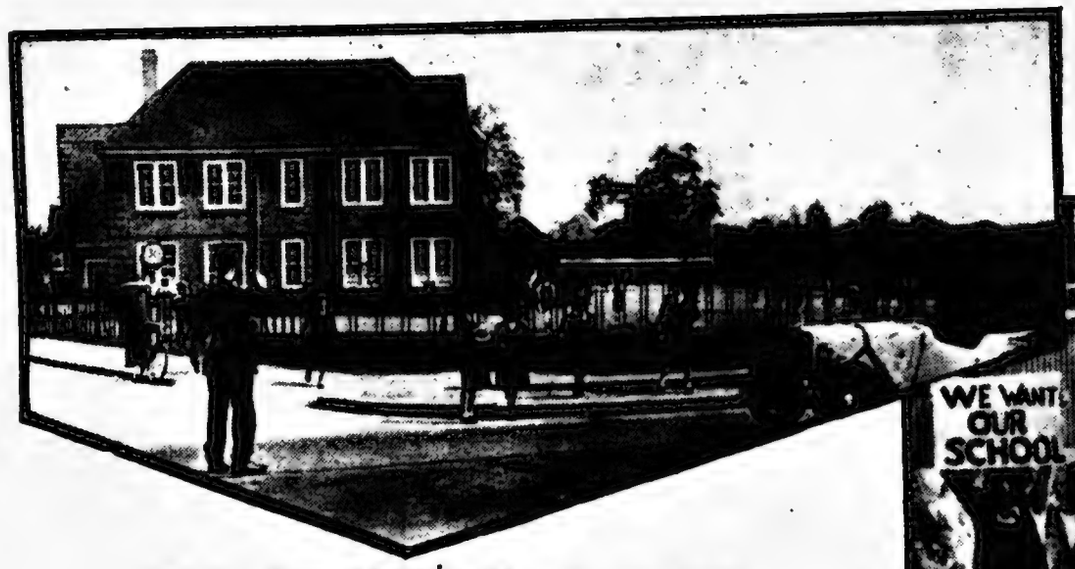
It was ensured by a coupon they had filled in and sent to JOHN BULL at no cost to themselves.

You will find such a coupon on page 45 of this issue, where it awaits your signature.

Because they had sent it to us, they were protected by JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, and we sent them a cheque to cover the damage to their belongings.

We want to help you, too, when such exigencies arise. Why not sign that coupon now?

The Great Schools Scandal (2)



ASKING FOR TRAGEDIES . . *this new school is dumped on the edge of the dangerous Kingston by-pass, which the pupils must cross each day*

LAST week JOHN BULL demanded the speedy abolition of the Black List schools—those 1,000-odd schools where the standards of lighting, heating, ventilation and other amenities are often inferior to those which obtain in the country's prisons.

But to see the muddle, the waste and meanness of the Government's education policy at its worst we must go to schools of the New England—to the new housing areas which have mushroomed up in their hundreds during the last ten years.

The Board of Education and the various local authorities have an excuse for the continuance of the Black List schools. Most of them are in the heart of the big towns or in rural areas where no building development has taken place. So they plead the Economy orders of 1931, which specifically cancelled all school-building schemes in these areas "unless a countervailing economy can be effected."

Waste of money

They have no such excuse with the newly developed areas. These were exempted even by that notorious Circular No. 1,413, which laid all other school plans on the shelf. The inference was that money could be spent in these localities according to their needs.

What has been spent and how has it been spent?

We have before us the results of a confidential enquiry recently undertaken by a certain public service into the extent and the nature of new school building which has taken place during the last few years.

The main fact disclosed is that over seventy of the largest and most rapidly growing areas in the country have built no schools at all for the last three years.

The list includes such places as Cardiff and Barry in Wales, Batley and Halifax in Yorkshire, the Isle of Thanet, and rapidly growing London areas like Finchley, Brentford and Chiswick. In one of the biggest towns in this list no new school has been built for twenty years. Dozens more admitted that they had no plans and no proposals.

Where schools *have* been built we find in the majority of instances only a shocking waste of money and endeavour, and an almost incredible lack of foresight.

Two years ago a school was erected on the Glebe Estate at Kenton, in Middlesex. To-day the mothers of the area are threatening a school strike. According to the parents seventy and more children are crowded in the classrooms.

Infant schoolchildren, they say, have to sit upon the floor in the classrooms. The overcrowding is such that the mothers say the school is unhealthy.

The school, too, has been dumped down far away from the homes of most of the children who attend it. Many of the mothers of children aged five to seven have to walk as much as six miles a day taking them to and from the school.

No attempt was made by the authorities, apparently, to allow for the growth of the suburb when the Glebe School was erected, nor to choose a site which would be most accessible to the areas where development would take place. To-day as many as 130 new families are arriving on the estate within a week, and the situation so far as the school is concerned is almost out of hand.

The same state of things obtains in almost all the new housing estates around London.

Kingsbury, in Middlesex, which was rolling meadowland seven years ago, has developed more rapidly than any place in Britain, except Becontree, but the education authority has let the house builders leap ahead during that time, and has done nothing at all about the schooling of the children who were to be born and live in the new houses.

A few months ago hundreds of these young newcomers were going to school in blocks of old dwelling-houses along Kingsbury Road. The overflow is crowded into the small village schoolroom which was there before the housebuilders came. Others are in rapidly erected huts at the backs of the dwelling-houses. The children's playground is the backyards of these houses.

That is how one of our education authorities caters for the Young England which is growing up in thousands of bright new homes!

When on the rare occasions a bright new school goes up the authorities can usually be relied upon to defeat their best intentions by muddled planning.

For instance, at Southgate, which is another swiftly growing housing centre, a school was erected which is a model in design and scope. It has separate rooms for handicraft work, domestic science lessons and similar "extra" departments. It also has a fine medical inspection room properly fitted out and an assembly hall of which the headmaster was particularly proud.

It was built to accommodate 350 pupils, and a special curriculum was drawn up so that full advantage could be taken of the grand new departments. And what happened?

To-day the school has to house nearly 700 children, two for every place. The new departments have gone by the board because all the rooms, and even the assembly hall, have to be used for ordinary lessons. Why could not the authorities have allowed for the growth of the area when they planned the new school?

Almost weekly and from every part of the country there are reports of school "strikes" which have arisen from the inability or the refusal of the authorities to supply school accommodation adequate to the localities' needs.

On strike!

There is an extraordinary situation at the moment in the Rawtenstall area of Lancashire, where parents are running a school from their own pockets and paying for a staff of fully qualified teachers.

The people of Waterfoot, which has a population of over 2,000, had asked for a school in their own area which they considered "the only safe and reasonable place for a junior school to be." Instead, the authorities ordered the children to go to another area a good distance away. So the parents struck. A Board of Education enquiry is now proceeding.

The refusal to build schools in rapidly growing areas has started strikes in the Forest of Dean area, in South Wales and the West Riding, all during the past few months.

In one place it was stated that the children had to get up at 7 a.m. to get to the nearest school and arrived home about 5.30 p.m., often too tired to eat their tea. The journey between home and school involved crossing a great arterial road, and the sector the children used was without recognised crossing-places.

Some authorities, while admitting that the Board of Education will permit them to erect schools in their newly developed districts, plead poverty as a reason for not doing so; but it is an excuse which does not work in every case.

For instance, in the district around Esher, in Surrey, which is one of the richest localities in Britain and which is ringed round with new housing estates, the last school built was pre-war. The present Council school accommodation is less than one-fifth of the needs. At Hinchley Wood the Surrey County Council bought a site for a school in 1931, but the school is not built yet. Since 1931 the population has increased ten times.

The school population all over the country is still going up, the trek of young families from the heart of the towns to suburban housing estates is still going on, but the expenditure on schools steadily goes down.

In 1930 the capital expenditure of local authorities on elementary and secondary schools was £9,186,572. In 1934 it had dropped to £3,290,774. Medical services to schoolchildren were cut from £349,833 to £95,488.

Those are the last available figures. There is every indication that expenditure for last year will show a further drop.

Everything bad

During the same period the number of classes scheduled as "overcrowded" has risen by 6,000, and 1,000 fewer schools are giving the domestic science and handicraft courses which were so proudly spoken of before 1931.

So far, in discussing the school-building efforts of the Board of Education and the local authorities, we have dealt only with their sins of omission—if we can use so mild a term about a policy which is tantamount to a blank betrayal of the children. When we come to the sins of *commission*, we are on even worse ground.

Bad design, bad siting and planning, and a crazy economy about furniture, equipment and amenities are common features of many of the new schools.

What do you think, for example, of the mentality which dumps new schools down on the edge of by-pass and crowded arterial roads? Yet that is how many authorities are

ON STRIKE . . *against moving from one school to another that would mean their walking daily several miles*

ROTTEN NEW S
FOR OLD

RUN BY PARENTS . . *and financed by them too, so that their children should not leave this school for one considered to be unsafe*

ROTTEN NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD

RUN BY PARENTS . . *and financed by them too, so that their children should not leave this school for one considered to be unsafe*

THEIR DAILY RISK . . *is walking over this railway level crossing to get to school.*

Overcrowded Classes

Death-trap Sites

Poisonous Ventilation

rapidly growing areas has started strikes in the Forest of Dean area, in South Wales and the West Riding, all during the past few months.

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What do you think, for example, of the mentality which dumps new schools down on the edge of by-pass and crowded arterial roads? Yet that is how many authorities are solving the problems of catering for the children on the new housing estates.

On the notorious Kingston by-pass, which was described in the House of Commons the other day as a "butcher's shop," there are three new schools. In one case the school is on the very edge, but all of them are very close to this roaring race-track.

In fact, the by-pass cannot be widened and made safer without cutting into the school playgrounds.

Economy plea

On the Cambridge by-pass and at Erith there are new schools in a similar position. Along the Great North Road and the West Road there are more.

There are two reasons for this practice, both equally discreditable. The first is that the authorities have allowed the builders and estate developers to take up all the available land on the new estates and have refused to use their powers to acquire a school site within the estates at a reasonable price.

So they fall back on sites by the edge of the by-passes. The "ribbon development" orders will not allow builders to erect houses there—on general grounds of safety and public amenities, but these dangerous sites are considered good enough for new schools.

The second reason is the usual mean economy plea. The authorities argue that the main services—water, drainage, lighting, etc.—run by the side of these roads and by putting the schools there they can save on the cost of erection.

If they can save on the length of the pipe-lines leading from the schools to the mains, or a halfpenny an hour on the cost of laying, they do so. The health of the children, distracted by the noise of motor traffic along these roads, and their safety in their journeys to and from schools are apparently minor considerations.

The design of many of the new schools is another scandalous point. With all the resources of the modern world to draw upon, with the experience of other countries like France, Holland, Scandinavia, and Russia, which have gone in for advanced planning of schools, this highly specialised undertaking is usually left to the county architect.

Sometimes this official is an open-minded man who has kept in touch with new developments at home and abroad. On the other hand, he may be the reverse, with an experience limited to the design of police stations, cattle markets and public conveniences.

It is the exception for an authority to say, "Only the best is good enough for our children," and to invite designs from outside architects. For one thing, the Board of Education will not allow the spending of private architects' fees on a school, although it is a well-known fact that a good architect can usually save more than his fees on the cost of erection.

Within recent years we can only recall two authorities who have been intelligent enough to experiment with outside architects for their school planning and bold enough to defy the Board of Education's ruling on the point. Both are municipalities—Guildford and Brighton.

As a result both of them have erected elementary schools which are as fine as anything in the world. Guildford included in its new school plan a model clinic.

In a Midlands area recently, the inhabitants determined to have the best for their children, and, up against the Board's refusal to sanction the employment of an outside architect, actually clubbed together to pay his fees.

But these are exceptions. Fine new schools, beautiful to look at and modern in layout, are exceptions. What the country usually gets is "rotten little schools"—as a leading educationist recently described them.

We have before us a report of the conditions in a dozen new schools situated in as many areas of the country. In one (a Home Counties school put up two years ago) the scholars enter through a long dimly lit hall which, to the younger children at any rate, must be like a gloomy tunnel.

Poor lighting

In the main classroom, because of the window design, children at one side and end (about one-third of the class) have only a fifth of the amount of light which is considered an adequate standard.

In another school the ventilation design is so bad that one half of a class sits in a gale of wind while the other half stifles near the hot-water system.

Eight of the schools had washing facilities (cold water), but not one had any arrangements for drinking water. At one school the wash-basin taps were ingeniously arranged so that a child could not get his head under to drink without at the same time drenching his clothes. At another the children brought their own cups, adding an extra trial to the lives of the teachers—"Please, teacher, can I go and get my cup for a drink of water."

These are *new* schools. They are built on a model which is little better than that of two generations ago. You may think these matters complained of—lighting, heating, ventilation—are trivialities, but all doctors are agreed about the bad effects on children of poor lighting. Hot heads and cold feet are just as bad for children as for grown-ups.

We can multiply instances. One large county authority has a standard ruling that electricity may not be used for heating in the new schools. All hot water must be fuel-fired on the old system, which functions, as the Director of Education for Essex said in a recent report, "on a happy co-operation between Providence and the caretaker."

There are other areas which do not bother about erecting schools even on the 1870 model. They just "recondition" the old and call it new.

Confusion, waste

We have in mind a school in a wealthy county area near London. It looks like a disused brewery, but it is run by a headmaster who is a genius. When the "reconditioning" was over, 'tis school was as much of a horror as before, but with his staff he got to work and painted the inside of the school himself, and with amateur carpentry transformed the accommodation. He put down a handicraft workroom and a small science laboratory in some outhouses at the back of the school.

He gets wonderful results from the children, but how much more he could do, if he were given a decent modern school to do it in.

But the Black List schools, and the bad new schools, are not the whole story of the Government's betrayal of the children. The confusion, waste and mean obstruction of its education policy are evident in other directions also.

Where are the nursery schools which in 1930 were to solve the problem of the health of the school-child? What has happened to the technical training provisions which were to give our growing youth a better chance in this swiftly changing world? Where are the "village colleges" which were to transform existence for children and their elders living in isolated rural communities?

These schemes were part and parcel of a proper and complete education policy for the whole country. Next week we shall describe what has happened to them. For these schemes, too, as well as the school-building plans, have been earmarked by the Government "as food for the guns."

"HELP! THE FAT'S SPLASHED MY NEW FROCK"
WHAT A SHAME! BUT DON'T WORRY IT'LL WASH OUT
DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS THICK GREASE WILL WASH OUT?
OF COURSE MY DEAR- OXYDOL WASHES OUT ALL THE GREASE AND DIRT AND KEEPS THE COLOURS LOVELY
GOODNESS! OXYDOL LATHER DOES WASH CLEAN - NOT A MARK LEFT AND THE COLOUR SPARKLING!
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LOOK GWEN- OXYDOL WASHED MY FROCK BEAUTIFULLY - I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WONDERFUL LATHER!

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JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

IN CHARGE OF A . . SLAVE TRAIN

I brought the light from my hurricane lamp to the woman who had just become a mother . . . I had failed

PICTURE to yourself the dark hour before the dawn that heralds a blazing copper-hot day in the countryside of the Lower Zambezi.

Lanterns show like will-o'-the-wisps. There is a babel of sound. Shadowy black forms can just be made out shuffling along in the direction of a long train of empty iron goods wagons drawn up beside the mud platform which passes for a station.

Amid more confusion the forms enter and disappear. Occasionally a figure shows up in silhouette. There is the hiss of a hippo hide lash for a split second before it tears its way through the human flesh to the bone.

A shriek — a thud. Then the shadowy ranks close up.

A few minutes later, still in that black, ghostly, unreal night, an engine whistle silences the confused murmur of human sound.

A guard holds up a green light. The wheels clang over the points. Somebody shouts out some unintelligible thing in Portuguese just as the guard's caboose clears the platform.

The journey of the slave train has begun . . . and heaven only knows what will happen before it ends eighteen hours later and about two hundred miles farther into the heart of Africa.

More than once it has been my fate to take charge of this train of tortured souls.

Let me explain the circumstances.

In Portuguese East Africa are vast plantations which require a continual supply of cheap labour to work profitably. Replacements are made yearly, and it was in trains chartered from the company whose chief traffic officer I was that part of the journey of this labour force was made.

For reasons connected with their private graft the local Portuguese used only iron goods wagons, and into them they loaded these workers, forty or eighty at a time, according to whether the truck was a "short" or a bogie.

You have doubtless seen such wagons on our own lines, and will know that the only ventilation is the door—but you will never find them used in Britain for human traffic.

▼▼

When I tell you that the Zambezi Railway is a narrow metre gauge line and the heat averages 120 deg. in the open air, you can imagine what it is like in a closed iron truck. Add to this the fact that these natives were packed—literally all but as close as sardines.

Under the whip lash of their overseers they were huddled into the train. Once in the wagon they had to squat down, and there these poor things had to stay—it was physically impossible to stretch a leg unless one did it over two or three heads—until the train was halted.

This was the load of human flotsam I was transporting.

As we drew out of the station I looked at the figures given me by the Portuguese—820 men and women. Children weren't counted.

Food? Water? I had asked for them. The Portuguese had shrugged his shoulders callously.

"Kaffir dogs, señor," he had said brutally; "you can supply food and water if you like. We are concerned only with the transport. If it had been left to me, I'd have made the pariahs walk."

Then the whip had fallen again—as if to show his contempt of my inability to enforce any principles I might have had.

He delivered a parting shot. "This is my country, señor, not yours. It is as well to remember that. Your job is only to ensure the safe running of the rolling stock. . . ."

The dawn broke. An hour after that the temperature in my caboose was 128 deg. I didn't dare to think what it was in an iron wagon with 40 or 80 men and women wedged shoulder to shoulder.

In that part of the world stations are few and far between, and when they do appear they are mostly glorified sidings in charge of a native or Indian station-master. For a variety of technical reasons, too, the trains travel at the rate of only a few miles an hour.

Our first stop was at a siding by an almost dried-up stream. There I decided to let these undesirable wrecks of humanity out for a few minutes.

To my dying day I will remember the tragic, dumb, hopeless despair of their eyes as they almost fell on to the track to slip away for a few moments into the "bush."

▼▼

By this time we were far from Portuguese officialdom, and only a capitad (native foreman) was in charge of these slaves. I was able to exercise a little initiative. But it was of little use. From the near-by stream I got enough water—very brackish—for about a couple of hours' requirements. There was no way of carrying any more.

Ten miles further on I stopped the train near a native village.

At first the headman was too afraid to sell any food as it was a dry season and famine was possible. (The Portuguese don't help their famine-stricken areas.)

But after I had given him my personal word to replenish his store from British territory on my next visit, he sold me 400 pounds of maize. Rather less than half a pound each—for people who had touched no food for more than twenty-four hours.

Yet there was no squabbling among them. They reminded me of some atavistic symbol of divine patience as they waited their turn. Perhaps they just couldn't understand that there was such a thing as a white man who bothered about their existence once they were released from their slavery in the plantations!

Again the train clanked on. . . . The heat had now grown intense and there was at least twelve hours' cruel travelling still to be done.

Dust—choking, blinding dust that got into your eyes and ears, caking your

(Continued on page 28)

Fitness through the forties

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Lack of it in diet is *dangerous!*

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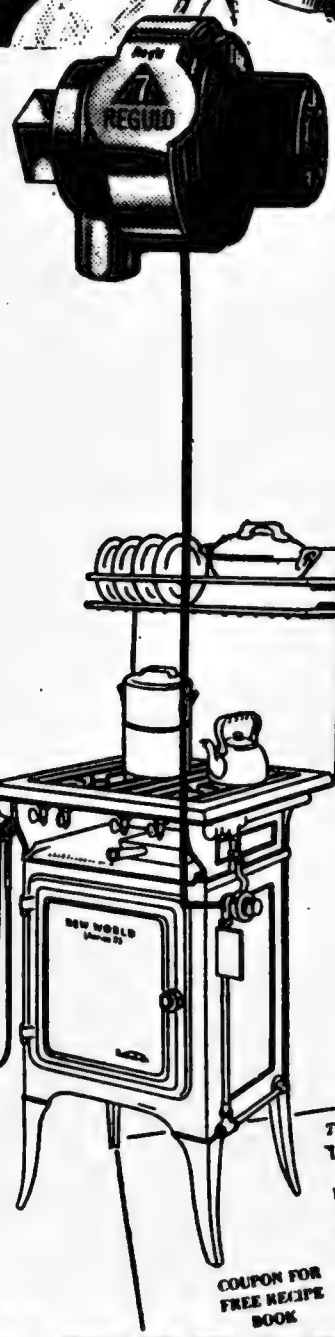
FAMOUS CHEFS SAY...



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GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

In Charge of a Slave Train—continued from Page 26

throat and nearly suffocating you—insect pests by the million and the heat . . . just the least of the horrors of a slave train.

Suddenly above the clanging of the wagons I heard a blood-curdling shriek. I seemed to sense rather than see a black form flash by the threshold of the door of my caboose.

In a slave train there is no communication cord, but I wrenched the vacuum loose and brought the train to a halt.

The huddled, frightened group in the wagon in front of mine explained that one among them—nobody knew who he was—had leaped up suddenly, jumped from shoulder to shoulder, and hurled himself through the open door.

Again there was nothing I could do. The train had been travelling very slowly at the time and the figure could not have come to any physical harm. Yet, sick at heart, I wondered how long he would last—one derelict human being, unarmed, helpless, weak from a year of virtual slavery and without a functioning brain.

▼▼

Perhaps it would be a man-eating lion. That would have been a mercy on the whole compared with such a soul wandering through that terrible "bush" alone.

The train clanked on again—the train for which I was supposed to be responsible.

The responsibility must have steeled me. I replaced the vacuum and signalled the half-bred Portuguese driver to get on.

The hours went on—every hour a century of mental anguish.

Every now and then I stopped the train midway between stations to allow my poor cramped human cargo a little ease. Here and there, too, though it was difficult, I managed to secure water that was not foul, and some more maize.

At one siding as I walked up the track inspecting the wagons while the "passengers" were out, I saw two forms huddled up in a corner. They were almost dead—suffocated—and no one had noticed it.

Can you imagine the atmosphere in the wagon that had allowed such a thing to happen?

Not the suffocation—but being left.

A Big Derby Win is the dream of many; but few can have experienced such amazing realisation of their dreams as that recounted in next week's reader's story of how the Aga Khan's Bahram, last year's victor, brought a man a fortune and a bride

Forty dumb souls who had no life but that of staring sightlessly ahead, greeting death with a dumb welcome, unable to notice a man dying on his fellow's shoulder.

The train clanked on . . . a slave train, eight hundred and twenty physical entities they called men and women, yes, and children too.

Eerie fantasy seemed to be getting the better of my own brain in that heat . . . now it had become a train of shapes to me. . . . Stops, sidings, water, the engine refuelling by the wayside, stops again. . . .

At one siding the native telegraphist handed me a telegram from the train controller's office: "Your train running late. Zambesi Company waiting for return of trucks for to-morrow's labour dispatches. Six trains following you held up till section clear. This for your information as traffic superintendent. Awaiting orders as to train allotments to-morrow."

I wired back, "Cancel all bookings."

I intended to resign and tell my manager that he could take charge of the next labour dispatches himself. Then I remembered this was Portuguese territory and nothing that I could do would help.

In fact, it would make matters worse. The next lot would have had to walk those damnable miles—under the whip lash.

I wired again: "Run following trains on 'caution line clear'"—there is no signalling system in the Zambesi countryside and safety is ensured by what is known as the "absolute block" system, which clears a section of all trains before the next one is allowed to enter—"my train will make up time. Allow to-morrow's arrangements to stand."

▼▼

The driver increased his speed . . . nobody knows what the bodies in those iron trucks were enduring.

I tried not to think about it. But the more I fought to shut out the horror of their plight from my thoughts, the more futile it became.

Then dusk fell. There is no twilight to speak of in the Tropics, and soon my train was a train of shapes indeed. I looked out of the caboose door towards the engine as we took a curve. A macabre vision, it was, my train of shapes.

Once again there was a cry—the cry of a soul in agony.

I felt myself shivering in all that heat. What new trouble had appeared?

The cry was taken up—it came back to my caboose, carried from wagon to wagon.

The engine was stopped. . . .

The tragedy was in the first wagon. Somewhere in the darkness at one end there were two women—two women who, with the instincts of Eve, had stayed by each other, who had clung to each other in their great hour—in fear.

The accelerated jolting of the train on top of everything else had been too much for their tired, weakened constitutions.

No doctors, no help to speak of. . . . How I reached them I never knew. But it was too late. Somehow the babies had been born.

I had the women carried to my caboose. A little water was all I could give them after I had forced what brandy I had down their parched throats.

One baby was born dead.

I worked frenziedly with the little medical knowledge at my disposal to save the other

Another telegram at the next siding: "Time almost entirely made up. Following trains now running to schedule. . . ."

Bitterly I gave the last "line clear." It was nearly eighteen hours since we had left the Zambesi station.

The two mothers lay on a heap of dirty sacking. They couldn't speak—only their eyes moved expressively. They didn't understand why they weren't flogged out of hand for upsetting arrangements!

▼▼

We drew into the terminus on time, another £5 demurrage saved for distribution among the Portuguese shareholders.

I brought the light from my hurricane lamp on the second baby's face. . . . I had failed.

The train halted. Again the ghostly shapes melted into the darkness.

The two women, safe now, thank heaven, were carried out by their fellows on stretchers hastily improvised from jungle vines.

For some moments I stood there a prey to my emotions. That nightmare journey was over; but its stark memories would live in my mind for ever.

Then, with two tiny bundles in my arms, accompanied only by my own servant carrying a fireman's shovel, I slipped off into the little eucalyptus glade beyond the station. . . .

Greatest of These—

GRIEF-STRICKEN

Douglas

NINE-YEAR-OLD Douglas is one of four boys, the eldest of whom is thirteen and the youngest five. There was a fifth child, a baby girl, who died in April from measles and bronchial pneumonia

This was a sad blow for Douglas's ex-Service father, coming on top of a period of unemployment, and the illness of his wife and one of the other children.

The baby was not insured, and the unemployment benefit, amounting to under two pounds a week, left no margin for additional expenses, the rent being one pound a week. Kindly neighbours collected one pound to enable Douglas's mother to get shoes and a few things in which to attend the baby's funeral, her shoes being too old to walk in.

Dazed with grief and worry, Douglas's mother did not notice that while trying on the shoes in a second-hand shop, her bag containing the one pound, and sixteen shillings, all she had left of her own money, was stolen.

The doctor at the hospital under whose care Douglas's mother and the two younger children have been, states that she has proved herself a devoted mother. The children's dad is described as "honest, sober and trustworthy."

Donations earmarked "Douglas," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's is sent on application.

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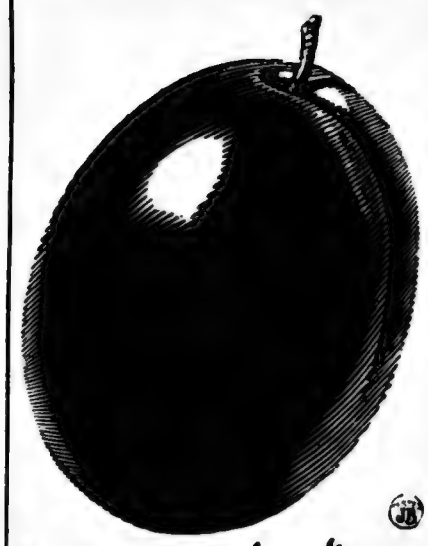

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STEW WAS HIS FAVOURITE DISH

But Wife Said "No"!

Not only stew, but everything tasty was denied him. Sometimes he longed to risk a good meal but his wife knew that he would be prostrated with indigestion if he did.

But now that he takes two Digestif Rennie Pastilles (they're delicious—just like sweets) after every meal, he eats what he likes—he could digest a Lord Mayor's banquet with ease.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles stop indigestion before it can start. The commonest cause of indigestion is excess of acid in the stomach. This forms large volumes of gas and causes pain, discomfort, heartburn, flatulence, and even sickness. The highly-effective antacids in Digestif Rennie Pastilles neutralise excess acid. But Digestif Rennie is not merely an antacid. It also contains the two most important natural digestives—pepsin and pancreatin; sedatives which prevent stomach irritation, absorbents which condense stomach gas and stimulants which increase the flow of the natural digestive juices.

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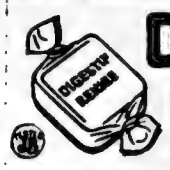

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YOU SUCK IT LIKE A SWEET

Three of Life's Cross-roads

Other Woman? Other Job? Other Home?

Many lives are ruined by taking the wrong path when a cross-road is reached, for it is not easy to turn back

Human Documents by Philip Inman

IT is so easy to take a wrong turning on life's high road. And when we do the consequences can be very serious both for ourselves and for others. Let us look at three people who are wondering which road to take:

The married man who seeks happiness with a woman—not his wife.

The young fellow contemplating a change of occupation.

The girl considering a proposal of marriage.

I have just reached a cross-roads in my life (writes a correspondent), and I am doubtful which turning I ought to take. I am in love with two women—my wife, to whom I have been married for nine years, and a girl I met casually at our office dance eighteen months ago—and I am sure that both of them are in love with me.

I did not mean to be disloyal to either of them But my life now seems to be divided into two compartments—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence.

My wife appeals to one side of my nature and I owe her a great debt of gratitude for the many things she has done for me. She is a real home bird, domesticated, economical and a splendid manager. Our house is like a little palace—everything is as clean as a pin. But there her interests end. She never wants to leave her "castle" and dislikes going out even to office functions which I am expected to attend. Nor can she discuss any subjects apart from her home, and when friends call and talk about books or theatres or sport, she is completely floundered.

Now the girl, on the other hand, is a very good companion; well educated, intelligent and always cheery and bright. We have so many things in common, such as literature, walking and dancing.

So far my associations with this girl have been purely platonic, but I know full well that they cannot stop there. She is claiming more and more of my time, and consequently I see less of my home. What ought I to do? If I leave home I shall break my wife's heart. On the other hand, I confess that I can't bear the thought of giving up this girl altogether.

It was Disraeli who once said, "Circumstances are beyond the control of a man, but his conduct is in his own power." My correspondent must have known that he was getting deeper and deeper into the mire. It is a pity he did not pull himself up dead before he reached this position.

But what is he to do now? He talks about the girl he has met as "a good companion—always cheery and bright." Did he not find his wife to be those things before he married her? And if he wrecks his home and breaks his wife's heart by going away with this girl, what guarantee has he that she will retain these attractions?

A LOVER knows a man at his best—a wife at his worst. And this correspondent would discover faults in this girl just as she would in him. For none of us is perfect.

Let him remember that life contains other things besides "literature, walking and dancing." Those "other things" he can find in his wife. Many a man would like to say of the girl he has married, "She is a real home bird, domesticated, economical and a splendid manager."

I am going to suggest to my correspondent, therefore, that his only safe course, indeed, his only course, is to break off this association with the girl and to be loyal to his wife. It should be possible to correct the faults in her which he enumerates.

He does not explain why she dislikes going to those office functions with him. It may be due to her shy and reserved disposition. She may not know any of those who attend them. Then why should he not introduce her to a few of them so that she can make friends with them, and then she will feel more at home?

I am told that she loves her husband. If this is so and the position is put to her in a frank and friendly way, I am sure she will respond to the claims upon her.

MY next correspondent introduces his letter in this way: "In these days when jobs are scarce, you will be surprised to have a letter from one who is already employed asking your advice, and, I might add, your consent, to take up other work." Let this young man explain himself:

I am twenty years of age and am at present employed in a permanent clerical post, earning £50 per annum. Promotion is based on the length of service, and on the present grade it will take me twenty years to rise to the maximum of £210 per annum. Not an altogether alluring prospect, as I am sure you will agree.

I have been thinking of other openings, and I am now very keen to join the police force. Promotion is more rapid, for I should commence at 62s. per week and rise to roughly £5 per week with a pension after twenty-five years. I consider myself just the right type, for I am strong and a good athlete. I have also had a good education and have a grounding in law which should stand me in good stead.

Now I come to the snag. My mother is completely opposed to my taking this step. She considers it is a movement in the wrong direction, although she knows I am anxious to take it up. I hope you will advise me, as it is causing unpleasantness between mother and myself.

I can sympathise with the feelings of that mother. She knows her son is in a safe job. And security of employment is something to be grateful for in these days.

But I wonder why she is so prejudiced against the police force? For that, too, is safe. And, as my correspondent points out, there are many chances of promotion in it.

It may be that he has not put his case to his mother in the best possible light. It would be well for him to obtain all the papers relating to this work from the Chief Constable of the northern city in which he lives. When his mother peruses them she will discover that it is one of the finest services which a strong and athletic young man can enter.

I have always held that every young person should be given the right to take up that work for which he or she feels best fitted. Each one of us is the custodian of his own life. I am sure that this mother is only anxious for her son's welfare and happiness. Once convinced that the step her son proposes would lead to these things, she would, I feel certain, withdraw her opposition.

My next correspondent is a girl of seventeen, who has lost her parents:

I am in domestic service, and I have been keeping company with a young man of twenty-three (says this girl of seventeen). He suggests that we should get married and both of us keep our jobs until we have saved sufficient money to start a home of our own.

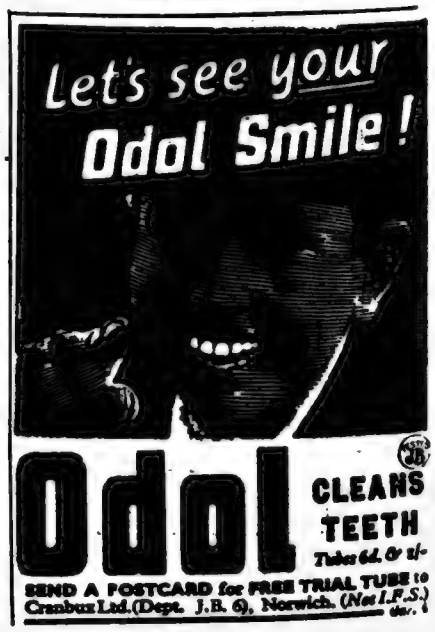
Please tell me what you honestly think about it I don't want to rush into anything that I might later regret. At present I love him and I am sure he loves me; but suppose my feelings were to change as I became older? If that happened it would just mean unhappiness for both of us, wouldn't it? Will you help me, as I feel so unsettled?

I know nothing of the young man who makes this proposal—of his work, his wages, his prospects. All I am told is, "I love him and I am sure he loves me." That is an essential qualification for every marriage—but it is not the only one. Man does not live by love alone. There is the important matter of loaves and fishes.

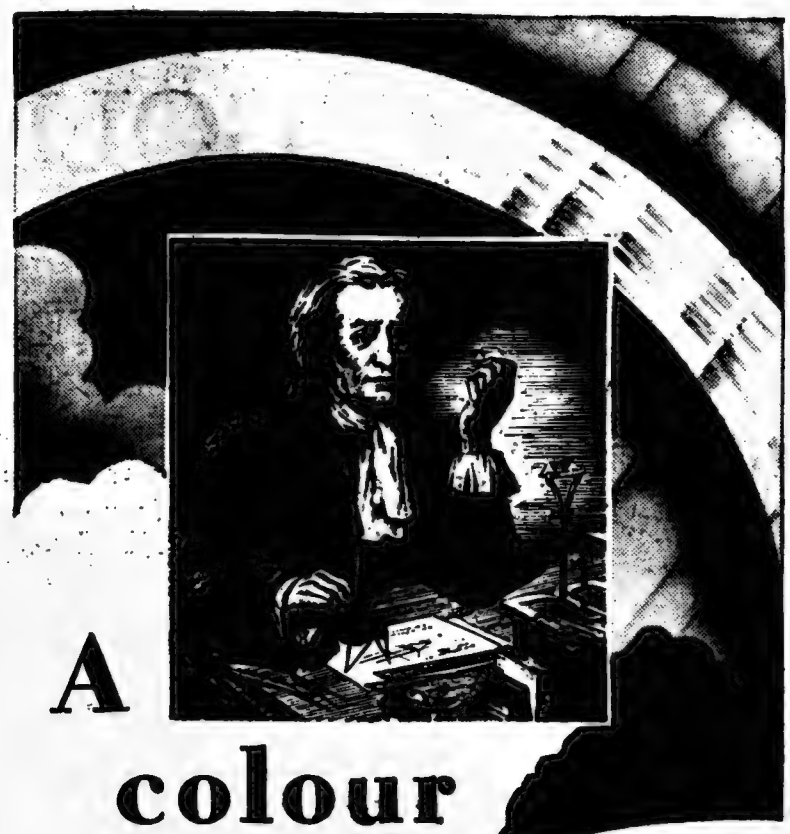
I AM going to advise this girl, therefore, to persuade her young man to wait for at least a couple of years. My reason, in the first place, is that it would be difficult for her to remain in domestic service after marriage. Her employer may not be agreeable to her doing so or a baby may come along. In the latter case she would be in great difficulty without a home of her own.

In the meantime, this couple can save up for their home and derive a great deal of pleasure in preparing for it. And their marriage would be built on far stronger foundations for having had to wait and to work for it.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



SEND A POSTCARD for FREE TRIAL TUBE to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 6), Norwich. (Not I.F.S.)



A colour miracle . . .

white is really seven colours!

In 1672 Sir Isaac Newton made a wonderful discovery. By passing light through a prism he found that white was not one colour, but seven. Blue is one of these colours—and without blue, white turns to a greyish-yellow. You have seen this happen to white linens which from one cause and another have lost their whiteness and become a greyish-yellow. To renew their lovely whiteness, you must add Reckitt's Blue to the last rinsing water.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Keating's keeps Blankets, Woollies, etc., free from moth and insect pests. Use freely (dry) when Spring cleaning. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE FOURTH

Bulmer's

MISSING WORDS CONTEST

100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE

MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

COMPLETE THIS RHYME AND WIN A TANKARD

Drink Apples to-day and let them convey to your system their tonic and zest, Drink Apples to-day, that's the ———— way of helping your meals to digest. Just a glass noon and night of this beverage bright will win you———— sublime. And the way to be sure of the cider most pure is to say I want———— each time!

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your Local Cider Suppliers. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.4, Hereford, before May 21st, 1936. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. *A solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 100 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in "The Daily Herald" on June 6th, 1936.*

A for Apples
B for Bulmer's
C for Cider

BULMER'S 'DRY' OR 'WOODPECKER'

in full FIVE-GLASS FLAGONS 10½D. Per Flagon (England & Wales only) 1/- (in Scotland)

royds

WHAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS . . ?

It is pleasant to talk of 'your home'—but when Quarter Day comes round you realize whose it is! It is wiser to enlist the help of the Abbey Road Building Society and thereby enjoy the privileges of true home ownership.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Man: Director

CVS—349

NO COMPLAINTS WITH-

You needn't strip old wallpaper

MAISONE

OIL BOUND WASHABLE WATER PAINT for WALLS

goes over paper—if sound

4 lb. tin 2/- 7 lb. tin 3/3

THE 3/3 SIZE DOES ONE room TWO coats

Dealers sell it—Decorators use it

FREE A fascinating book of modern colour schemes showing how to choose the right colours for each room, and painted specimens of all Maisone colours. Free in response to a postcard with your name and address in block capitals. Lewis Berger & Sons Ltd. (Dept. B.1), Homerton London E.9.

BERGER PAINTS

RAIDING the FAIRY GOLD

Millions of it will slip through Neville's itching fingers

A GROUP of sober-minded Treasury officials have been hard at work digging for fairy gold.

Of course, they do not call it that.

The term they prefer for their activities is "examining the sources, amounts and position of certain Dormant Funds." But all the same, it is hunting for fairy gold—as you will see . . .

The whole country was surprised at the reference in the Chancellor's Budget speech to the "Dormant Funds" which he intends to raid during the forthcoming years. It was news to most people that there were any further funds left *anywhere* for the Chancellor to raid — "dormant" or otherwise.

Actually this money to which Mr. Chamberlain alluded represents quite a hefty sum—on paper. About £55,000,000 is lying about the country gathering dust, dividends and interest.

Some of it is in hard cash, more in investments, and more still in IOU items in the National Debt ledgers.

All of it, however, once belonged to *somebody* and is waiting for that somebody or his descendants to turn up and claim it. A lot of this colossal pile of hidden and forgotten wealth has been waiting for that day for more than 100 years.

For the most part it consists of moneys paid into court for any of a vast variety of reasons. Some of it is security for costs and damages in long-forgotten actions and never collected by any of the parties concerned. Millions of it is in the form of unclaimed estates, estates in lunacy, estates in litigation.

But it is well-hidden money—in more senses than one. If you wanted to find the true facts about it you would have to dig hard and long—and find scant reward in information for your pains.

£50,000,000 of it is tucked away behind a single figure, lost among thousands of other figures in the Auditor-General's annual report. No details are mentioned.

Hunting further, you might come across a supplement of the *London Gazette* published once every five years, which gives a list of the accounts of Dormant Funds held in Court. This list, however, maintains an air of strict legal reticence about the accounts. It is limited chiefly to the names of the parties and the date the money "went dormant." Until the year 1927, when new rules came into force, the Courts need not even give this sparse information.

"Addled eggs"

For any further information you must go to the Report of the Tomlin Committee which sat in 1932. Its Report is such a masterpiece of technical obscurity that few people have heard of it—much less read it through. It tells you how the funds arose, but not a word about those who contributed to the total.

To this Committee, however, belongs the credit of officially "discovering" the existence of this hen roost for the Chancellor to raid. Its work, incidentally, might be described as a labour of love. For telling the Chancellor where the £55,000,000 was to be found it charged the country only £13 19s. 6d., of which £12 12s. 6d. went in the cost of printing and publishing the Report.

Cheap at the price, you might think. But that depends on how many golden eggs are really available. And many, the Chancellor will find, are badly addled.

In the first place, £50,000,000 of the unclaimed money has already been dumped into the National Debt. That was done in the late 'sixties. It is there "on loan." That is, if any claimants come forward who can establish their right to an estate included in that sum they can have the money back plus interest.

Later on nearly another £3,000,000 was handed over to the National Debt Commissioners. The balance remains in the hands of the Supreme Court, and about £200,000 is kept as cash at the bank so that any suitors' claims which *do* turn up can be settled.

The interest on the moneys is used in various ways. Not all of it goes to swell the credit of the 23,000 odd separate accounts. Some of the interest is used to pay the cost of running certain courts departments; a lot of it went into building the great grey Gothic pile of the Law Courts in the Strand.

But the point to remember is that the Chancellor will be able to lay his hands on very little of this forgotten money. The Courts argue that the funds are kept in trusteeship for any claimants that may turn up. And there is no time limit for these claims.

The Tomlin Committee was told that claims to Dormant Funds were still established at the rate of two or three a year, sometimes after long periods of dormancy. "The funds are often the funds of infants who do not necessarily become aware of their title until they have ceased to be minors, or to other parties who have not been aware of their claims."

So the Courts have fought to keep the Exchequer from touching this huge golden nest-egg of the dead. And so far they have won.

May turn up

For instance, if anybody with a pecuniary interest in the case of Adolphus v. Adolphus, on which a Court Order was made in the year 1771, turns up to-day, he can have the money plus any interest.

According to the Dormant Funds list the last transaction made under that account was on November 2, 1807, when, as the list briefly says, there was a "payment out." No matter how long ago or how unlikely it is, says the Court, Micawber-like, somebody "may turn up" to-day for the balance of that money.

They argue the same about the money left by one Edward Lewis to George Lewis Bufton "since deceased beyond the seas" — which phrase seems to have a final ring about it. So has the remark opposite the name of this account in the funds list — "not dealt with." But the money remains in the courts until somebody turns up to claim it, if ever.

And the same about the money of Matilda Stagg "beyond the seas," who forty years ago had a share under the intestacy of one Charles Stagg. And of the estate of Susan Tooke Price, spinster, who in 1866 was "a person of unsound mind."

There are thousands like that among the 20,000 accounts kept in the books of the National Debt Commissioners and the Supreme Court Pay Office. And the sums involved range from £10 to as many thousands.

For 2s. 6d. you can find out the amounts of any of the accounts kept at the courts *provided* you can convince the Assistant Paymaster-General in writing that you have grounds for believing that you are beneficially interested in a particular account.

You must name the account you are interested in as well as your grounds. Even then the Pay Office will not promise to give you any of the history of the case or any details except the amount and the dates of Court Orders relating to it. They guard this "dead" money well.

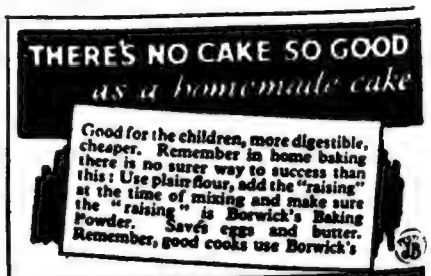
His only hope of getting any very large sum would rest on a time limit for all claims being enacted; after due and proper advertisement the unclaimed estates would then fall into the hands of the Exchequer, batch by batch.

No, without some such time-limit legislation for claims, the Chancellor is hardly likely to benefit from the Dormant Funds. They still belong to the dead.

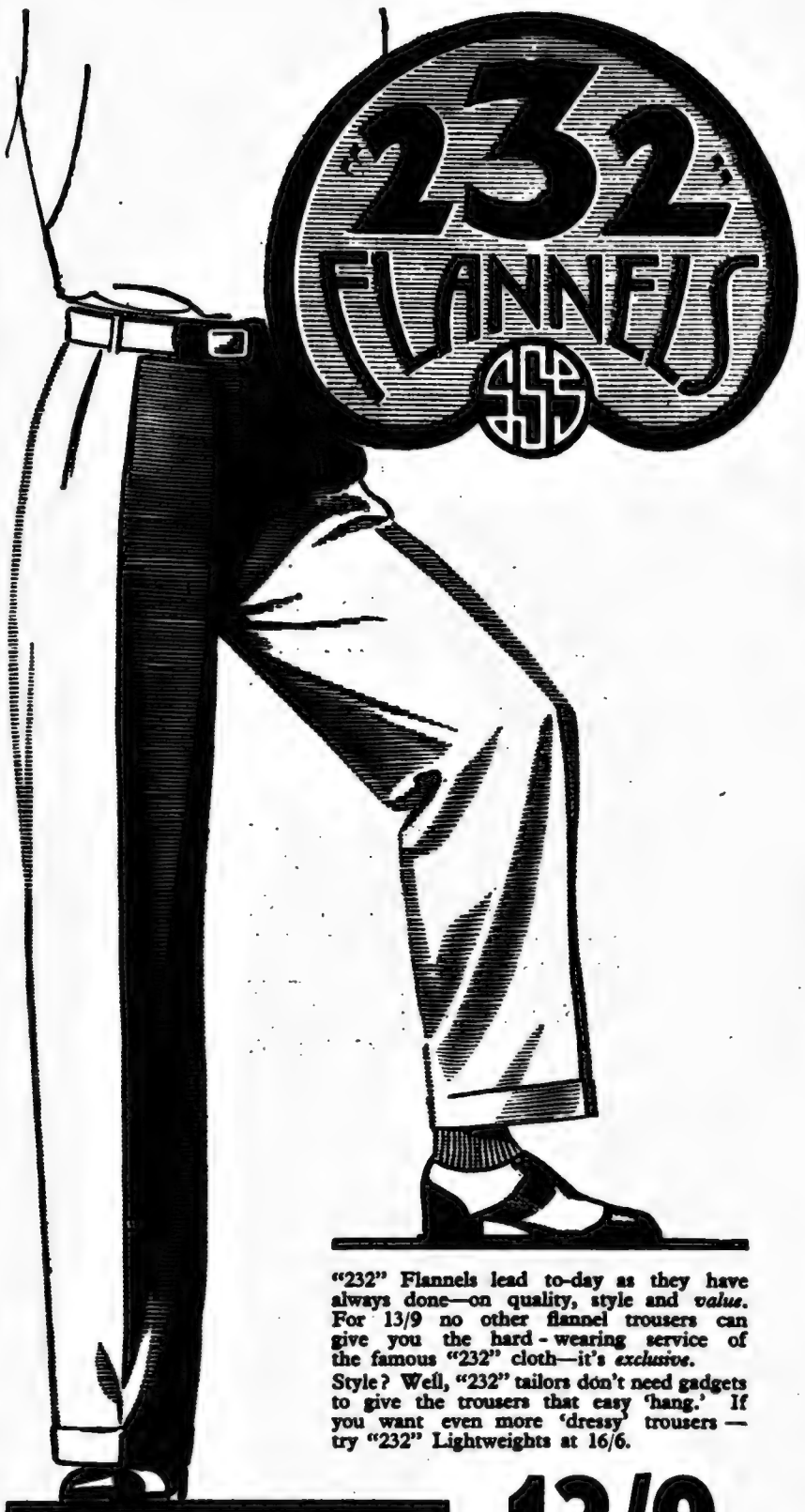
That is why we described the Treasury search among the Dormant Funds as a hunt for "fairy gold." It disappears as soon as they look at it.

Ghostly hands still clutch this forgotten gold, and the Chancellor will find that they hang on to it.

The discovery of £50,000,000 "dormant" money has set Treasury experts groping for means of seizing it—but ancient laws make the "nest-egg" as elusive as any will-o'-the-wisp


THERE'S NO CAKE SO GOOD
as a homemade cake
Good for the children, more digestible, cheaper. Remember in home baking there is no surer way to success than this: Use plain flour, add the "raising" at the time of mixing and make sure the "raising" is Borwick's Baking Powder. Saves eggs and butter. Remember, good cooks use Borwick's

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER



"232" Flannels lead to-day as they have always done—on quality, style and *value*. For 13/9 no other flannel trousers can give you the hard-wearing service of the famous "232" cloth—it's *exclusive*.

Style? Well, "232" tailors don't need gadgets to give the trousers that easy 'hang.' If you want even more 'dressy' trousers—try "232" Lightweights at 16/6.

To go with your "232's"—a sportscoat as good—the

SANDOM SPORTSCOAT!

Grand new patterns—same faultless tailoring

21/- 25/-

13/9

LIGHTWEIGHT

16/6

PURE **BEER** FOR 1D. PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

REFRESHING & SUSTAINING SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM

VIGGORMALT (REGD.)

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF

RICH MALT & HOPS

Simply add cold water

FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send Stamps or P.O. for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. 7G), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Postage extra for abroad.

COME AND HEAR THE BABY!

People with only £6 or £7 to spend on their wireless haven't worried much about "Murphy" for the very good reason that we didn't seem to be worrying much about *them*. I know, because plenty of them have written to tell me so.

The fact is, as I have said many times, that we have worried a whole lot. Anyone can make a "cheap" set. It's another job to make a good set cheaply. I'm glad to say that we have done it and here it is. Unless you know how to "handle" a set you may not get quite so many stations, but in all essentials it is one of the Murphy family. The materials and workmanship in both chassis and cabinet are as sound and as reliable as in any other Murphy set.

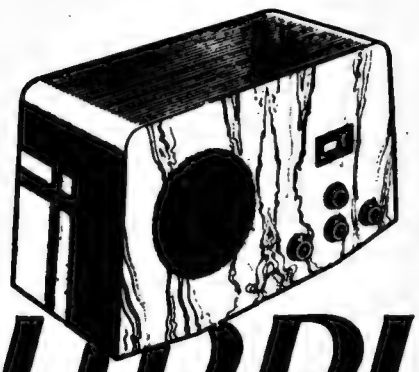
Will you go and hear one at the nearest Murphy dealer? It's a fine "job of work," and I believe many thousands of people are going to get better and cheaper "wireless" from it.

Frank Murphy

MODEL B.23.—3-valve battery operated straight H.F. receiver. Fitted with moving coil loudspeaker and wavelength dial extending from 195-550 and 850-2,100 metres. Uses any 120-volt H.T. battery. The consumption at this voltage is only 7 m/a. Automatic grid bias, avoiding the necessity for separate bias battery. Well finished cabinet in laminated wood with front finished in Walnut. Price £6.7.6. Batteries extra, costing from about 15/-.

Other Table Models from £9.17.6. Console Models from £13.10.0 and Radiogramophones from £24.0.0. These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

£6.7.6 CASH PRICE WITHOUT BATTERIES



MURPHY

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. All models available on Hire Purchase Terms. Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Telephone: Welwyn Garden 3031

C.R.C. 627

IT'S GRAND FOR THE SKIN

says

Gracie Fields

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream, and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—It's real champion."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In all popular shades everywhere.

1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

MAKE IT A.G—
it rolls better smokes

The first cigarette you roll in A.G. tells why so many thousands prefer A.G. It costs no more, but makes sure you get all the *real* flavour of your tobacco. Your smokes will be cooler and longer-lasting—A.G. don't fizzle away. The new A.G. automatic packet is a great idea—gives these *better* quality papers one at a time, gummed edge first always. It's worth insisting on.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

A.G PAPERS
Now packed in 2 styles

Valuable NEW Cookery Books FREE

Housewives! Fill in the Coupons on pages 27 and 29 for copies of the Radiation and Stork Cookery Books. They will prove very useful to you!

Miners' lives depend on a lamp that will give unfailing warning of anything that menaces their safety while in the pit

A Lamp worth Thousands of LIVES

TO most people it is news that the miner's "Safety lamp" is not as "safe" as it is supposed to be. That it is not, is obvious from the fact that the Mining Association of Great Britain is offering a cash prize of £500 to the inventor of a satisfactory model.

Colliery explosions, one after another in recent times, the disasters at South Kirby and at North Gawber, in Yorkshire, following the shocking tragedy at Gresford in North Wales, are eloquent reminders of the miner's most deadly peril.

The safety lamp meeting every requirement has yet to be found. The lamp that is needed is one that not only will afford good and ample light for a period of at least nine hours in the abysmal darkness of pits sometimes a thousand yards deep, but also one that will automatically give infallible warning against the presence of the dreaded gas.

A lamp that will combine the sensitiveness of the old-fashioned "flame" lamp with the powerful illumination of the modern electric lamp. A lamp that will stand incredibly hard wear and tear, that will meet the exacting requirements of the Mines Department, and one that it will be possible for the owners of coalmines to supply in large quantities.

Scattered in the coalfields of Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, in the lowlands of Scotland, and in the valleys of Wales, three-quarters of a million miners are ready to applaud a twentieth-century "Davy."

Awaiting the inventor of a modern "Magic Lantern" there is not only the initial cash reward of £500, but a fortune.... Not only a fortune, but immortality. His name will rank high with those of Davy, Clanny, the Sunderland doctor, George Stephenson, of "Rocket" fame, and with names like Evan Thomas and the French engineer Marsaut, and all who in their day helped to lessen the fearful toll of lives lost in the quest for coal.

MORE than a hundred years have slipped past since miners crawled in the mountain-sides, there to hew laboriously their way into highly explosive seams with candles stuck in the peaks of their caps, or with equally naked lights fuming and spluttering upon a handy perch.

Explosions then were of almost daily occurrence until Davy made experiments with a lamp, the flame of which burned through a narrow gauze funnel, and which was extinguished immediately the surrounding air became polluted.

It is significant that Davy's original idea prevailed, and was gradually improved upon. Clanny followed up the great discovery and invented the first real "safety lamp," but his idea was impracticable. George Stephenson introduced a lamp fitted with a glass cylinder within a wire gauze capped by perforated copper.

In the course of two generations scientists, engineers and many others pitted their wits against the miner's common enemy. Mueseler invented a lamp with a gauze chimney, then Marsaut brought out a lamp with a double—or triple—gauze.

The flame lamp steadily developed, but the race for progress became faster and faster as the years went by. The need for the Davy lamp became greater as pits went deeper, as new and more dangerous seams were found and explored. The best coal is frequently found far in the bowels of the earth, and there the danger is greatest.

The last word in flame lamp perfection seemed to have been reached by the beginning of the century, by which time the miner's lamp, sealed and locked so that it could not be tampered with, enclosed in very thick—almost bullet-proof—glass, burning through a double-fold of fine gauze, was in universal use.

Still popularly called the "Davy," it is yet the only reliable lamp that will indicate the presence of methane, marsh-gas, or light carburetted hydrogen.

When gas pollutes the air, the flame turns blue, and, should the quantity of gas reach the highly dangerous mixture of 10 per cent., the lamp extinguishes itself. The trouble is, it is very "tender." It is easily put out by accident. A special apparatus is required to relight it underground.

In coalmines throughout the world official colliery examiners, deputies, and a large number of miners still rely on the old-fashioned "flame" lamp. But the light it affords is poor—scarcely more than a single candle-power. The users all too often become victims of the dread "nystagmus."

The toll of lives, on the one hand, is balanced by the toll of blindness on the other.

THE electric lamp, reducing the appalling casualty roll of sufferers from nystagmus, has brought light in a sufficient volume into the utterly black darkness of the coalmine—a darkness so complete that the tiniest spark is magnified a thousand-fold, a void in which the most brilliant diamond is without glitter.

The electric lamp, introducing "daylight" into the coalface, came in a generation ago, but it is oblivious to the presence of explosive gases, and so, therefore, is the miner who works with it for his illuminant.

In many coalmines it has been found wise to use a proportion of the old-fashioned "flame" lamps together with electric "safety" lamps, but the results are not satisfactory.

The miner has dangers other than the possible issue of gas to contend with. His arduous labour requires his every attention.

There is the roof to support, the necessary timbers to erect, and, above all, tubs to fill with coal, or the conveyor to supply.

He obviously cannot devote his time to watching for an outbreak of gas. He wrestles with the "iron man," with the automatic pick, and with the noisy conveying apparatus. The dim oil lamp all too frequently hangs forgotten on its spike the while he labours.

A lamp is required that will give him unfailing warning, and it must be one that will neither extinguish itself, as the "flame" does, nor remain unaffected by gas, as does its electrical successor.

An attempt has already been made. A lamp invented not so long ago contained a red bulb, which glowed immediately the gas in the air reached the dangerous degree of 2½ per cent. At least, the red bulb was intended to glow, though many of the 150 experienced men in South Wales, Yorkshire and Lancashire, who thoroughly tested it, found fault with it in operation.

QUITE simple in construction, it was almost successful, but not quite. A current of air passing into the lamp through gauze to a combustion chamber containing a heated wire completed an electrical circuit once the air was charged with gas.

That the invention has not reached the degree of perfection expected of it by the necessarily exacting critics is not the inventor's fault, though his idea may well produce the lamp that will pass into use for millions of coalminers.

More than a hundred years, more than a hundred new ideas, went to the gradual development of the existing "flame" safety lamp, the only reliable gas detector, faith in which was universal when a series of shocking explosions came to shatter the belief that a solution to the problem had been found.

The individual who produces its perfect successor will find himself famous, rich for life, immortalised, the hero of three-quarters of a million miners in this country alone.

And not only of the miners themselves, but of the wives and mothers who watch their men go to the pithead each day without ever knowing that they will come forth alive and well—without knowing when an explosion will shatter their happiness.

Chicks are Cheap!

This is an excellent and inexpensive time to start keeping poultry. Day-old chicks or even pullets can now be bought cheaply.

For advice on how to rear them see *The Feathered World Year Book*, new edition, now on sale.

The volume contains 300 pages of information on every possible subject; 50 different breeds are analysed.

The price is 2s. from your newsagent, or 2s. 6d. post free from: *Feathered World*, 9, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

COWES This charming Two-piece Suit is in Courtaield's Rayon Lookalt with fine pin-stripe effect. The Dress is designed in short-sleeved style, with button-trimmed jabot, front in stylish cross-cut panel effect and fitted with an all-round belt. The three-quarter length Coat has strap effect collar running in surplice style to hem, and plain sleeves with wide strap-bordered cuffs. The garment is unlined. Shades: Brown / White; Navy / White; Black / White. Sizes: S.W. to O.S. Busts: 34 to 38ins. Dress Lengths: 46 to 50ins. 26/6

Terms: 4/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Swagger Models, Costumes, Coats, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form. All patternsare will be sent per return.

4/- Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

"We must have SELO films"

"Here's to the new photographic season," said the Folding Camera. "It's good to come out of one's case again—I'm casting a longing lens on things already." "It's going to be a snappy time for me, too," said the Box Camera. "I took a pretty poor view of things last season with the inferior films they gave me, but now I've got Selo films, you'll have to look to your laurels." "They're quite safe while I get Selochrome," replied the Folding Camera. "You see both films are British made and the Chemists at Ilford have given them speed *and* latitude to make all the difference in the quality of our pictures."

SELO *1/- for eight* (3¼ x 2¼)—**SELOCHROME** *extra fast 1/2*

"What a lot of Macleans Solid Dentifrice you get for 6d.!"
"And it's specially made for teeth like ours."
"That's why it keeps them so lovely and white."

Only 6D per large tin

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Try a bottle TODAY

If the Heels

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Therefore, since you have every right to the *treble wear* you paid for, and which *only Phillips give*, we make the following unique offer.

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You're lucky

but Napoleon . . . .

even Napoleon — Man of Destiny — had not your advantages. Is it possible that that noble head would have been disfigured by that improbable forelock if Field's Solid Brilliantine had been available in those days? The story goes that Napoleon, after his great victory at Austerlitz, attempted to comb his hair straight back—but met his Waterloo! Stubborn hair will always knuckle under to Field's Solid Brilliantine. Field's gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the cause of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

FIELD'S *Solid* BRILLIANTINE

IN THE FAMOUS *Lavender* SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

3D6D PER TIN PERSONAL

The Big Move has begun, and soon it will be—

'Full House' at DARTMOOR

A MOTOR COACH heads into the traffic of a West Country main road. No destination boards are on its sides. It carries the sign "Private" above the driver's cab. All the passengers are males. The coach might be bound on a staff outing, except for certain peculiar facts.

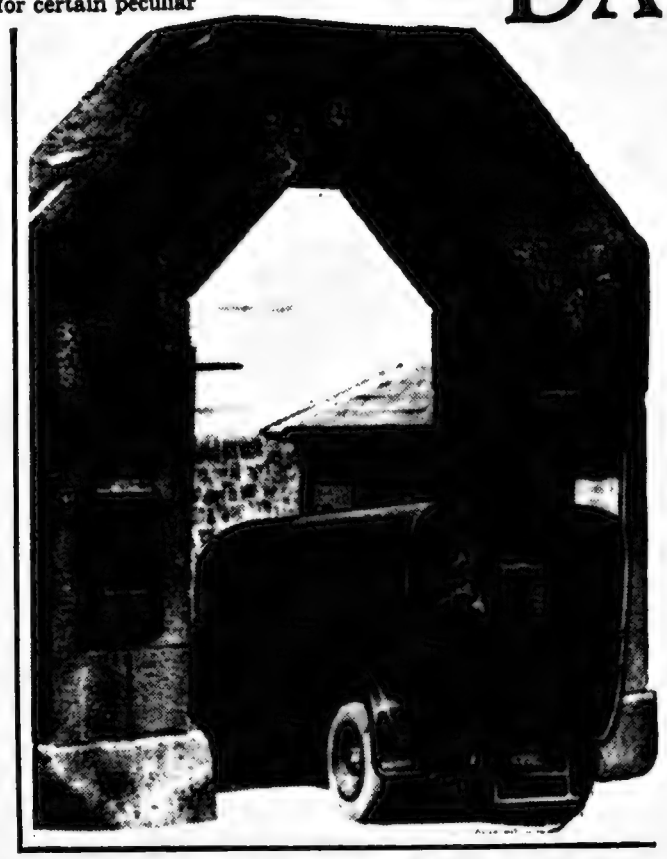
There is a uniformed man by the side of the driver; four more uniformed figures are seated against the exit door, and others placed at regular positions among the passengers.

At road junctions, where there is the possibility of the coach being held up for a moment or so, police officers are watching. Any necessary halt the coach may have to make on its journey will be in a large police station yard, behind locked gates.

For that coach is on special service for the Prison Commissioners. Its passengers are convicts, bound for Dartmoor Prison, and their prison officer guards.

From now onwards until the end of July there will be this transportation of long-service criminals from various other jails to "The Moor," the most famous and the most dreaded prison in Britain. And the reason—the fate of Dartmoor has at last been decided. It is to be re-established as the chief convict settlement in this country.

So, during the next two months, another four hundred convicts at least are to be moved there. They will be taken from all over England. The majority will make the journey by rail, through London to Plymouth and thence on by motor vehicle, but others will go direct by motor coach.



Dartmoor, dreaded by convicts, has once more become the chief penal settlement of this country, and soon police-guarded vanloads of convicts will be arriving at frequent intervals from other jails

MOVING fairly large bodies of prisoners needs considerable precaution. If the men are sent by rail, then, at every station at which the train may stop, a squad of police must be on duty. There must be no corridor communication between the compartments reserved for the convicts and the remainder of the train. All doors of the convict carriages are kept locked, and the window blinds must be drawn at each stopping-place.

The same kind of programme operates for the transport of prisoners by road. The police all along the route are notified in advance of the prison convoy, and must ensure that the public is safeguarded. Nothing whatever is left to chance. The convoy passes on a fixed and rigid time-table.

Ever since the notorious Dartmoor riots in January, 1932, when the prisoners broke into mutiny and burned the central administrative block of the prison, the Home Office has considered the problem of the future of the Devon convict settlement. For the truth is that Dartmoor as a prison is entirely out of date, extremely inconvenient, and enormously expensive in comparison with other prisons.

Consequently there was the serious suggestion, at one stage of the deliberations, that Dartmoor should be closed. Steadily the number of convicts housed there was reduced.

But there was considerable difficulty about such a reform. To close Dartmoor Prison meant bringing ruin to Princetown's 2,000 inhabitants.

Princetown, "on the Moor," is unique. It exists entirely because of the great prison. Take away the prison and Princetown would become a derelict area. Move the prison officers and their families, and the local traders would suffer the loss of their principal trade.

Apart from this direct prison business, Princetown lives also on the summer traffic, from Torquay, Plymouth, and the rest of Devon county. Every day in the holiday season hundreds of tourists visit Princetown—and spend money there—attracted by the strange fascination of the prison.

Sightseers can walk round its walls. They can watch, if the time is chosen aright, the convict gangs marching back to cells from work in field or quarry. They may secure a waved greeting from a high barred window, and obtain a thrill from that.

Whether the decision to bring Dartmoor up to its maximum holding capacity for old convicts is right remains to be proved.

The prison has accommodation for about 830 prisoners, but of recent years the average number has not exceeded 330. Three wings in the five-star-shaped building have remained empty. Much reconditioning must be done before these derelict blocks are brought back to use. That will be labour for the convicts themselves.

Twenty thousand pounds was spent on Dartmoor some years back, but still the prison remains out of date. There is central heating—of a kind—but there is no electric light. The prison has its own private gasworks. The cells are illuminated by the reflected rays of incandescent gas-burners.

KITCHENS and bath-houses have been improved, but the Dartmoor standard of these is much below the normal of other prisons.

To keep each prisoner at Dartmoor costs the taxpayer approximately £129 a year, or roughly £2 10s. a week. With eight hundred prisoners in occupation, this means an annual bill of no less than £103,200.

Service at Dartmoor is heartily disliked by prison officers. For one thing, the married quarters are open to criticism from the housewife's point of view.

In addition, there are few social amenities. The prison officers' club (an excellent one) and a small kinema provide the main attractions. A rare trip into Tavistock or Plymouth brings the only break in this grim monotony.

If the prison officers find Dartmoor undesirable, what are the reactions of the prisoners doomed to serve years within its walls?

They hate and they fear "the Moor." The eerie gloom of this terrible prison in winter-time is indescribable. All around the prison is the waste of Dartmoor, with its uncanny, sudden mists. These clouds rise up without warning; wreathing the prison in a wet, impenetrable mantle that penetrates even into the cells.

It is this mist which makes escape from Dartmoor sometimes possible. A working party of convicts on the road, returning after a day's toil, suddenly find themselves enveloped in the mist. The prison officers close in, ready with their loaded carbines.

ONE man takes a chance. He dashes into the mist and on to the Moor. Carbines spit fire and the bullets whine. The syren of the prison sounds its warning to the countryside—a prisoner at large!

No prisoner, however, has ever won to freedom from Dartmoor. Always he is recaptured, for the Moor defeats and breaks him.

There is no convict prison in England where the daily work is more varied. The best-behaved men are taken to the prison farm and market gardens for labour. Only a few now are sent to the stone quarries to provide the raw material for prison repairs. Inside the walls there are shops for mail bag sewing, book-binding, carpentering, boot-making, and tailoring.

According to his output is a prisoner credited with payment. The money he earns in this way—if he has reached a good-conduct class—may be spent in tobacco at the prison canteen, or in additions to his routine food.

For recreation the well-behaved convict has the band—the best at any prison—the library, and an occasional entertainment given by a visiting concert troupe.

Dartmoor remains an unruly prison. During the past year there were no fewer than 242 cases of punishment for indiscipline or some offence against regulations.

The reason is easy to find. The men who go there are the most hardened of criminals. They are, in the main, enemies of society who cannot be converted to a better life.

Oh! —The Pain

Stop that pain which is making your life a misery. Beechams Brand Powders cost only 2d. each and are a wonderful prescription for Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and all Nerve Pains. Act like magic. Also invaluable for Colds and Chills. Sold everywhere.

STOP IT FOR 2d.

Not Laxative.

Beechams Powders

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3d. Single Powders 2d. each. A Beecham Product.

Why ruin your clothes by rubbing—

Rubbing *may* get the dirt out—but it takes out the substance as well. And what earthly use is a frayed, worn garment, however clean? There's an easier way of washing—which ousts every speck of dirt, and makes clothes last much longer. Try Preservene—it's marvellous! Just boil the clothes for 20 minutes and they come out clean and snowy white. It's the glycerine in Preservene that simply floats out the dirt. Keeps your hands lovely, too!

PRESERVENE

MAKES GOOD THINGS LAST LONGER

It's the Glycerine that does it!

Save 15 wrappers

or

FOURTEEN WRAPPERS AND THIS COUPON

In return you may select either a white hemstitched pillowcase (size 19 in. by 29 in.) or a fancy coloured bath towel (size 22 in. by 44 in.) or a fancy coloured apron from a wide range of colourings. Please post your 15 wrappers (or 14 and this coupon), stating which gift you would like and giving your name and address to Preservene Ltd., Dept. B.4, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Now only 5½D a bar

Most men shave with Palmolive Shaving Cream! Yes, the famous tube with the five good points has won more shavers than any other shaving preparation on the market. You ask why? Then read the five points now—and try a Palmolive shave tomorrow!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2 Softens the beard in one minute.

3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.

5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

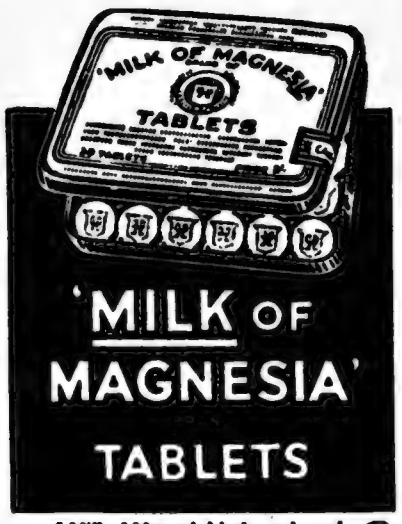
6D & 1/-

Indigestion

& FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

Of the many digestive remedies on the market 'Milk of Magnesia' alone enjoys the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Profession throughout the world. Your own doctor will tell you that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system. Herein lies the secret of its unerring efficacy in correcting a sour, acid stomach and restoring digestive power.

Thousands of men and women after years of suffering and great expense have finally found complete relief in 'Milk of Magnesia'. Your pain and flatulence will cease with the very first dose. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' now and digest your next meal in comfort. There's a handy Tablet form, each tablet equal to a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle 2/-. Of all chemists.



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples and spots on the face humiliate a child at school and leave nasty scars. They are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day and give the little one a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act perfectly; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. For 'California Syrup of Figs' has the natural health-giving, invigorating, blood-purifying value of fruit.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Doctors and nurses all recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists, with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

PILES— OPERATION AVOIDED

"Almost miraculous" recovery.

An operation for piles is not a pleasant prospect, so you can realise the great relief that prompted Mr. W. F. C., of London, to write: "Two years ago my father was ordered to hospital for immediate operation for piles. He did not agree, and decided to try 'Nemolin' Ointment, with the result that he improved wonderfully and avoided the operation. We cannot speak too highly of 'Nemolin.' Its work in this case was almost miraculous." If you suffer from, or even suspect, piles, try a 3s. tube of 'Nemolin' Ointment and obtain quick relief, or your money will be promptly refunded. Stocked by all chemists.

SEND FOR This HOME ALBUM

From the J. D. Williams Album of Fashions and Home Furnishings, a million homes are furnished at warehouse prices. It shows everything for the home—Curtains, Carpets, Lines, Furnishings, Furniture, and all kinds of Ladies' Wear.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

BRIGHTER HOMES for BRIGHTER DAYS

FOLKWEAVE CURTAINS

Curtains of style and joyous colour in the strong new Folk-Weave Cretonne . . . very modestly priced. A lovely modern curtain bargain from the J. D Williams catalogue. Delightful design in either Blue, Brown, Green, Rust or Rose on pretty contrasting grounds.

4/6 A PAIR

2 yards long, 45 inches wide pair 4/6

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9 in. valance 1/- extra or 11½d. per yard to match

Patterns post free on request.

PLEASE SEND ME FREE YOUR HOME ALBUM.
(This Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope ½d. postage).

Mr.

To ORDER please ENCLOSE POSTAL ORDER & STATE How many Pairs Colour Length Amount enclosed

J. D WILLIAMS & CO. LTD

Dept. BB, The Dale St. Warehouses MANCHESTER

Emergency CALL!

—and the daily drama of the Telephone begins

A whispered call—a crash—then silence . . . the telephone operator, vital figure in these dramas, does the rest by calling the police. Sometimes an accident is revealed, sometimes a crime. But it's all in the day's work for the telephone service!

EVERY day in some telephone exchange in Britain a light flashes on the switchboard to announce a call, but no voice is heard. "Number, please," says the operator three times. Silence.

Usually, of course, the explanation is nothing more than that a careless subscriber has knocked over the telephone and not replaced it. He only becomes aware of the consequences of his action when the police arrive at his house perhaps half an hour later to ask if all is well.

For no risks are taken in the telephone service with the voiceless call, especially when it comes from a private residence. It is often the signal of distress.

Hundreds of instances are in the official log books of helpless, unattended people *in extremis* having been saved from death by swift response to their silent appeal. They had just enough energy left to remove the receiver or to dial O.

Often the barking and scuffling of a dog is heard by the operator when the unspoken call comes through. Almost invariably it is found afterwards that an animal left alone for some hours has been driven by loneliness to dislodge the telephone which it has come to know as a channel of human speech.

It is not alarm the dog is expressing, but only joy at having found a means of communication. But again nothing is taken for granted at the telephone exchange. The facts are told to the police and soon the house is visited and, if necessary, an entrance forced.

THE other day a man returned from business to his home in a North London suburb to find a front window of the house broken, and, on going inside, that his wife was missing. A neighbour was able to explain things.

Only an hour previously, a telephone operator had heard the word "Help" whispered when she attended a call. She strained her ears and detected also what she believed to be a moan and a thud. No other sound followed.

An operator knows, of course, the address from which a call comes, and, in a moment, both the police and the ambulance service had been given an emergency summons to this one.

Doctor, ambulance men and police arrived at the house almost simultaneously. As there was no answer to door-knocking, the constables made their way in by breaking a window. They found the woman prostrate and unconscious, with the telephone receiver still in her hand. Doctors at the hospital to which she was removed said that if succour had been delayed ten more minutes she would have died from the seizure which caused her collapse. Her recovery is now assured.

Every night-operator soon learns to deal mechanically, although none the less efficiently, with the frantic and distraught husband who shrieks into the telephone in the small hours an announcement that a confinement is about to take place in his home. Generally, no provision has been made for the event, or if it has, the expectant father is so excited that he cannot even supply the name of the doctor who consented to attend his wife.

"Leave it to us," says the operator, who proceeds to summon doctor, midwife or nurse.

It is the etiquette of the telephone service always to call back the husband an hour or two later to enquire about his wife's health and if the arrangements made on his behalf have proved satisfactory. Sometimes he then intimates the arrival of twins, and, according to the tone of his voice, the operator offers congratulation or commiseration.

One father was so delighted by the prompt help given him by the exchange that he insisted on bringing his newly-born son to the telephone so that the operator could hear his whimpers. Another rang up to say that, in token of gratitude, it was proposed to name the child after the Postmaster-General.

In one month, twenty men have called the exchanges in the London area to announce the fact that they have toothache and to enquire the address of the nearest dentist.

Frequently the exchange staffs have themselves to be consultants. A call came one day from a young maid-servant who stated that her mistress had left her in charge of the baby and that the child was in a fit.

She was asked to describe the symptoms, whereupon the operator told her to place the infant in a warm bath and to report progress every few minutes. At each call she was given further instructions, and finally she rang up and said, as if surprised by a miracle, "It's all right now—the doctor is here." There was no miracle. While speaking to the girl, the operator had procured medical help on another line.

On Easter Sunday, the operator at a Midlands exchange was asked by a subscriber to be given instructions how to cook steak and onions. His wife was away, he explained, and he had all the ingredients of the meal but no idea how to prepare it.

The operator could scarcely treat this as an emergency call upon which she might act on her own initiative. She had to refer the matter to the supervisor, who, as traffic was slack at the time, allowed her to take charge of the cookery operations from the switchboard.

ANOTHER man requested that his telephone should be rung by the exchange in exactly three and a half minutes. Operators are not supposed to ask subscribers for an explanation of any demand they may make, however strange, but this one, after complying with it, was so overcome with curiosity that she could not refrain from politely putting the question.

It emerged that the subscriber was a grass widower and that he wished to boil an egg for breakfast. His clock was out of order, and he had no means of estimating the time.

"Get Your Man" has become the unofficial motto of the telephone service, which regards its detective organisation with justifiable pride.

The other day Baltimore, U.S.A., asked for Major ——, of London, and could give no details regarding him other than that he was a Regular officer. All the Service clubs were questioned in turn until at last he was identified as a member of one. From it he was traced to a salmon fishing lodge on the Wye, and there, nine minutes after the vague request had been received, Baltimore was put through to him.

More remarkable still was the handling of an urgent call last week from a woman in Sydney, Australia, for her sister who had arrived in Britain by liner a few days previously. No information at all about her possible whereabouts could be given, and even the name of the ship in which she had travelled was not known.

EACH of the shipping companies was questioned until her name was found in the passenger list of one. An enquiry at the docks produced the information that her luggage had been sent to a London hotel, but there, it was found, she had gone on to Edinburgh.

From Edinburgh she was traced to a village near Aberdeen, where it was reported she was on the golf-course. A caddie was sent out to fetch her, and the two sisters, 12,000 miles apart, were in communication exactly 42 minutes after the call had first been put in from Australia.

An eleven-year-old boy spoke to the exchange near midnight a few days ago from a kiosk, and said he was lost and had no idea of his whereabouts. The operator identified him as being seven miles from his home and about three miles from a police station.

The lad was told the exact route to the next call box and instructed to ring again from it. He was shepherded in this manner from kiosk to kiosk until he came to one in the vicinity of a police station. The operator had warned the police that the child was on his way, and at the last box a policeman was waiting to escort him home.

CATARRH

Relief in 30 Seconds

Relieve your Catarrh in 30 seconds! A touch of Nostroline nasal remedy acts instantly. Clears head, stops nasal discharge, opens breathing passages. 'Nostroline' soothes all irritation, ends stuffiness. Relieves head noises and catarrhal deafness. Amazing for Colds and Influenza.

1/3 all Chemists

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 22, Clifton, Bristol

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 5/9 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juvenile, and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

52 new

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

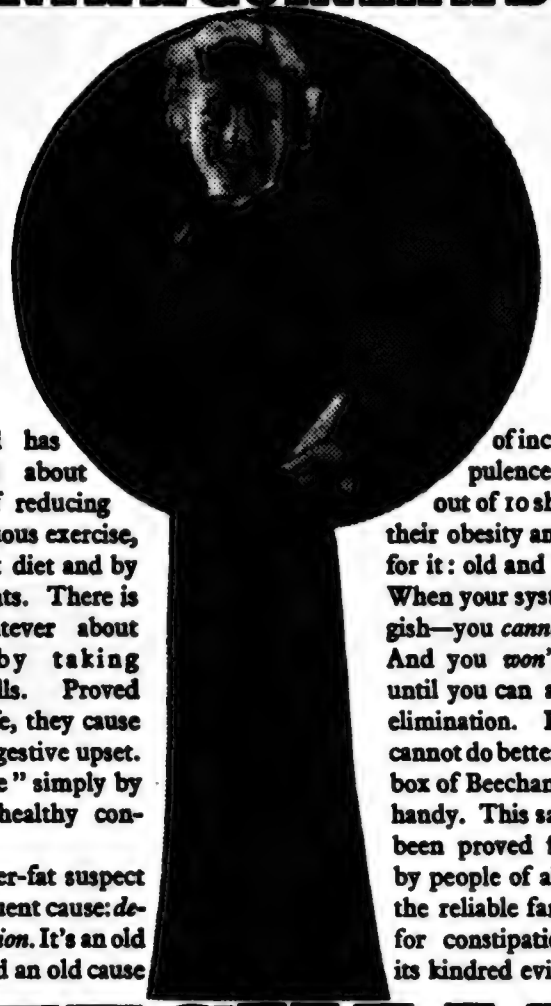
AS THEY SAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON:

THEY'RE WILLS'S PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. CIGARETTES

SLIM

women know why they're

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"



A great deal has been printed about the danger of reducing by over-strenuous exercise, by insufficient diet and by drug treatments. There is no risk whatever about reducing by taking Beechams Pills. Proved absolutely safe, they cause no pain, or digestive upset. They "reduce" simply by rectifying unhealthy conditions.

If you are over-fat suspect the most frequent cause: *delayed elimination*. It's an old complaint and an old cause of increasing corpulence. 9 people out of 10 should blame their obesity and ill-health for it: old and young.

When your system is sluggish—you *cannot* feel well. And you *won't* feel well until you can avoid faulty elimination. For this you cannot do better than keep a box of Beechams Brand Pills handy. This safeguard has been proved for 90 years by people of all ages to be the reliable family remedy for constipation and all its kindred evils.

BEECHAMS PILLS

Brand

Sold Everywhere

Purely Vegetable

Mrs Goodsort "GOES UP ONE"

I CAN'T GO IN THIS HORRID BLOUSE, MUMMY, IT LOOKS AWFUL!
WELL, IT'LL HAVE TO DO, CONNIE. I COULDN'T GET IT ANY WHITER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DO TO YOUR BLOUSES.
CONNIE WENT OFF CRYING... IT'S HER SCHOOL BLOUSES, MRS. GOODSORT. I KNOW IT'S MY FAULT BUT HOWEVER MUCH I SCRUB I CAN'T GET THEM ANY WHITER.
WELL, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU...
NEXT WASHDAY
I'D OFTEN WONDERED HOW MRS. GOODSORT GOT HER THINGS SO WHITE! SO RINSO IS HER SECRET. IT HAS GOT A LOVELY THICK LATHER. LOOK AT THIS, JUST SNOWY! IT'S AMAZING!
THREE DAYS LATER
OH, MUMMY, I HAD TO STAND OUT TODAY AND SHOW ALL THE OTHERS HOW NICE I LOOKED!
THAT'S THANKS TO MRS. GOODSORT. BETTER RUN IN AND TELL HER TO GO UP ONE!
"TELL MOTHER FOR ME" says Mrs GOODSORT
"For sparkling whiteness there's nothing like Rinso! That's what I always say, and here's the reason. Right down beneath the thick Rinso lather there are rich suds which gently and safely draw out the specks of dirt, then trap them all like prisoners. That's why whites come out wonderfully clean." Try Rinso yourself next washday. Use it for your whole wash!
2½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet.
Rinso

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

New Hair or "No Cost" OFFER

BY means of a wonderful discovery by a leading British Hair Specialist, everyone from the twenties to the eighties can secure a good head of natural coloured hair.

Doctors and Hair Specialists have been amazed at the marvellous cases in which people, bald for years, some of them even in the nineties, have grown new hair by the use of Renair Pomade, the unfailing success of which alone makes possible this unique "Hair or Money Back" Offer.

If your hair is weak, lacking in lustre, commencing to thin at temples or crown, or even if you have been quite bald for years, obtain from your Chemist or Hairdresser, Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., a 3/- Carton of Mr. Frederick Godfrey's

RENAIR POMADE

use half of contents; if not satisfied, return remainder to Mr. Godfrey and your 3/- will be refunded.

LADIES and Men also will find in the companion non-greasy preparation, RENAIR ANTISEPTIC STIMULATING HAIR TONIC—also sold by Chemists and Hairdressers (at 1/9 per bottle) under similar guarantee of "Satisfaction or Money Back"—a speedy, certain method whereby the hair is restored with healthy, natural and colourful luxuriance.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation, write at once to F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

LOOK AT YOUR FALSE TEETH

If plates are stained, teeth discoloured, simply put in water and add a little Steradent. (Eminent dentist's new discovery). Take them out immaculately clean—purified by powerful sterilizing agent. Blackest stains vanish. Fleshy pinkness is restored. Yellow teeth are made 'live' and lustrous. No brushing; no acids. Guaranteed harmless. Ask your chemist for Steradent, 1/- and 1/9.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send 1½d. in stamps for trial supply. Steradent Ltd. (Dept. 83B), 20-15 Chitty Street, London, W.1.*

STERADENT

CLEANS AND PURIFIES FALSE TEETH

THE BIG TWO

to agents Send direct

THE COMPLETE SPORTSMEN'S SERVICE

BETS by POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules.

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bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

ALL POSTAGE PAID

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

WINNINGS BY RETURN

SEND NOW FOR

LONG-ODDS PRICES

FOR

THE DERBY

Please send Long Odds Prices for the Derby. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B. 16 5 36

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED HIMA, LTD.

232 BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

MY ROAD SAFETY PLAN for Children

THOUSANDS of young lives must have been saved by the placing of iron railings outside the gates of our schools, and thus preventing children from making a headlong dash into the road.

Yet, the plan does not go far enough. It is still optional whether schools have the railings or not . . . in fact, very few private schools have them.

I would make it law that every school with juvenile pupils must be equipped with them. They cost so little, and mean so much.

T. L., Southampton.

Musical Maxim

As a school mistress I have recently inaugurated a simple but efficient plan for concentrating the thoughts of my pupils on road perils. Miss Gracie Fields recently recorded a song for children, warning them of the danger of carelessly crossing busy thoroughfares.

At the close of each day I compel my pupils to sing this song to the accompaniment of a gramophone, and they go into the street with the musical maxim, "Look to the left, and look to the right" freshly instilled into their minds.

TEACHER, S.W.20.

More Pavements

As a member of a voluntary welfare organisation I am frequently called upon to lecture on "road safety" at country schools.

One of the strongest points in my Ministry of Transport instruction booklet urges the great importance of impressing upon children the necessity of keeping to the footpath. Yet the outskirts of 50 per cent. of the villages I visit are utterly devoid of pedestrian footways.

Provision of adequate pavements on all inhabited stretches of our roads should be one of the first moves in the prevention of child casualties.

VEREDENE, Glos.

Appoint Escorts

My plan would be to appoint senior scholars to take charge of two or three of the smaller children at certain times of the day.

Their duty would be to watch for their appointed charges *en route* for school, take them in hand and see them safely in the playground. After lessons, they would escort them as near to their homes as possible.

The seniors, given such responsibility, would feel their individual usefulness in life, and the scheme would help to avoid some of the accidents which befall those mites who innocently dash from the pavements into busy roads.

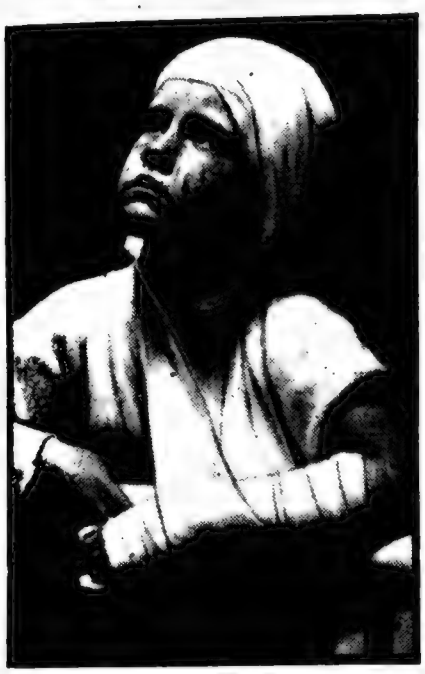
Miss G., Fishponds.

Broadcast Hints

My plan would include, apart from the usual school instructions, a few words daily during the "Children's Hour" on the wireless. They need take only a few minutes, just to remind kiddies to use the Belisha crossings, and, where these are not provided, to make sure the road is clear before attempting to cross.

This, being a direct message to the children, would impress them far more than any written instructions.

JAY-GEE, Blackpool.



Second Nature

My child was never allowed alone near a road until six years of age. He was always taught to stop and look before crossing, and when he was old enough he had to take an adult across.

In this way he was taught to respect the perils of our highways, and now, at the age of ten, he is thoroughly trained in road sense, and crossing the road in a safe and orderly manner has become second nature.

R. P., Lancs.

Well Repaid

Reward fires the child mind. Policemen and other road officials should be empowered to ask the name and address of any child they notice displaying caution and sagacity in road usage.

Yearly there should be a presentation of medals to the children named, a bar being added if a name were mentioned more than once.

Such a scheme would help to make children road conscious, and the cost of medals would be well repaid by the saving of young lives.

R. A., Yorks.

Permanent Impression

There is no doubt that the kinema exerts a marked influence on the minds of children, and my road safety plan consists of showing short "safety-first" films at the children's matinees.

I'd end the film with a "close-up" of a famous "star" speaking a few words to emphasise what had been shown, and I'm sure a permanent impression would be made on the minds of the young audience.

FILM-FAN, Liverpool.

Dread Roll

Nearly every school has its roll of scholars who gave their lives in the war. Every school should have its roll of scholars who died or were injured on the road.

Children learn by example. The little ones should be called together when a new name is added to the roll.

Only by seeing their playmates' names added to the dread list will they realise the great need of caution on the roads.

R. W., Southall.

Make "Life-guards"

I would train specially selected children of about thirteen years of age to be always on their guard to protect other children from running into danger.

On passing a road-safety examination they would be awarded a certificate, and given a "Life-guard's" badge to enable other children to recognise them. In this way, we would train at least one section of the community in "road sense," and no doubt prevent many fatalities.

T. G. C., Romford.

Obvious Method

There can be no real road safety for children. Safety lies in the provision of alternative accommodation in the shape of playing fields, which in the majority of cases is out of the question.

The playgrounds of our schools are ample for recreation during school hours—and safe. Why not keep them open until eight o'clock, and all day during holidays?

Many school playgrounds are locked after the youngsters have departed. To throw them open would be the simplest, least costly, and most obvious method of ensuring young folks' safety.

R. W. K., Exmouth.

Cut "Apron Strings"

Situated on the corner of a main road within a short distance of four schools, I have noticed during twenty-five years that children whose parents persist in bringing them to school are the ones who are usually involved in accidents.

Tiny mites who, from the early age of three, have come to and from school escorted only by other children, learn caution and are rarely in danger.

My plan is for parents to cut the "apron strings" and allow their children to grow accustomed to crossing roads alone.

TUCKSHOP, Cardiff.

Children, Walk!

Some weeks ago I was driving past a child who was standing on the kerb. As I drew abreast I saw out of the corner of my eye that she began waving to someone on the other side of the road, and suddenly she raced out to cross. She ran full tilt into the side of my car, and was taken to hospital with serious injuries.

My rule for children would be "*Always walk across the road.*" Had that little girl done this, she would have had time to see me passing in front of her, and she would also have given me a chance to avoid her.

M. W., London, W.C.

Extend It!

As headmaster of a big school in the Midlands, I have forbidden my scholars to bring balls of any description to school.

Children dash out into busy thoroughfares without the slightest warning to retrieve lost balls; in my district alone several kiddies were injured in the space of a few weeks.

I am certain that more accidents to juveniles result from this practice than from any other cause, and I think my plan might well be extended to cover the whole country.

H. T. W., Midlands.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Gordon's Derby Mount

A READER, who proposes to back Taj Akbar for the Derby, asks for Gordon Richards' record in the big race.

Richards has ridden in every Derby but one since 1923. On Easton, in 1934, he was second to Windsor Lad. He was unplaced on the following mounts: Skyflight, Solitary, Chichester Cross, Sunny Trace, Grand Prince, Grand Salute, Coldstream, Cockpen, Manitoba and Hairan.

I might mention that Taj Akbar was the JOHN BULL Code selection for the Chester Vase, which he won at the nice price of seven to one. He must have a chance at Epsom if Gordon has the gods of good luck on his side.

Owers and Salena should be noted for week-end engagements at Gatwick.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 14, to Wednesday, May 20.

P O 98 T F U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R W A N 96 G Y 97 L H J I 95 E D K V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

L9398FOVA would read ZINGARO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KOD2U would read SAMMY.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 19.

One Big Lesson I'd Teach at School

MAY 27

All the animal news and secrets of the world—that is "Zoo"—great 64-page No. 1 issue on sale everywhere on Wednesday, May 27.

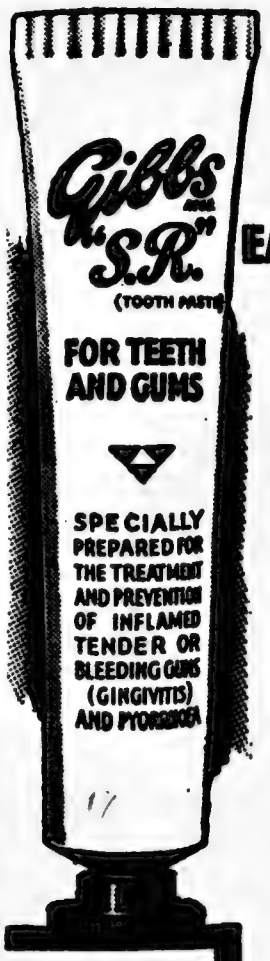
DON'T MISS IT!

It's a brilliant new idea in illustrated journalism for readers of all ages, a magazine that is as vivid as life, as informative as a text-book. If you love animals you will find every page vital, alive, fascinating.

Professor Julian Huxley is advisory Editor. And what contributors! They include such famous names as Frances Pitt, L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S., and S. L. Bensusan. What pictures! They cover every alluring side of the animal kingdom.

And there is a short story and a serial, prizes for readers' own snaps, and many other irresistible features.

Make a point of placing an order with your newsagent for No. 1 of "Zoo" to-day—sixpence everywhere, on Wednesday, May 27.


Gibbs
"S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

BLEEDING GUMS
↓
PYORRHOEA
↓
GENERAL ILL HEALTH
↓
EARLY EXTRACTION OF TEETH

Don't wait until the first tinge of pink on your toothbrush has developed into Pyorrhœa with its train of dreaded ills. See your dentist and use Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste at once!

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains in correct combination the special substance Dentists use in the treatment of gingivitis, pyorrhœa, and other gum troubles. No other preparation, suitable for home use, is so effective. Read what this Dentist writes:—

"I have been using your 'S.R.' paste for nearly a year now and have been getting amazing results with it. It is the only paste which does produce definite results in gum conditions." (Ref. A71)

The above is typical of the experience of thousands of Dentists everywhere. Even after years of daily bleeding, gums are hardened and rendered completely healthy, and teeth made surprisingly white. This is because Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste destroys the poisons which cause these mouth disorders and stubborn stains on teeth. So whilst Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste refreshes and firms your gums, it makes your teeth white and brilliant.

Buy your Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste to-day.

Ask Your Dentist!

From all Chemists
Price 1/3
per large tube

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
GR16B

DUNLOP SADDLES

DO AWAY WITH CYCLING DANGERS & DISCOMFORTS

No more cycling on a damp seat, because the exclusive DUNLOP top is damp-proof. Left in rain, a simple wipe — and it is bone dry at once.

ONLY DUNLOP SADDLES HAVE THIS VIRTUE

Ladies should choose a
DUNLOP SADDLE
designed by

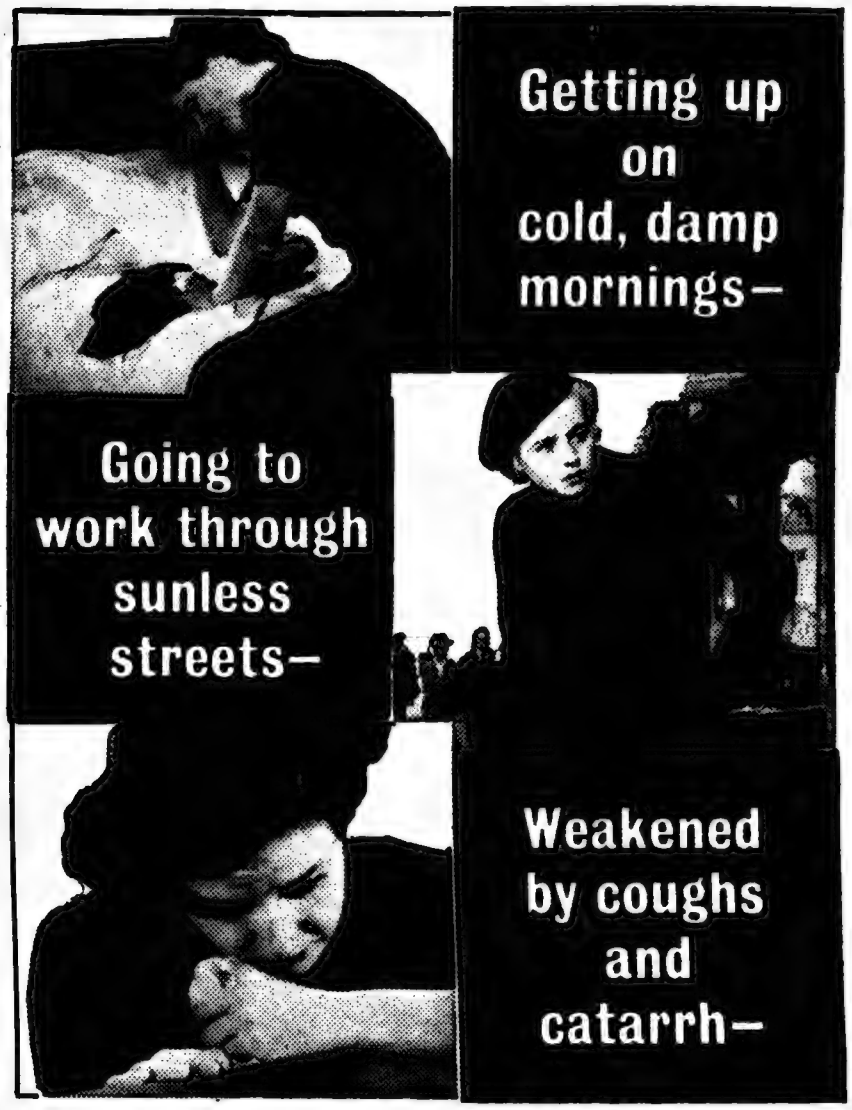
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CYCLE DEALERS

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. *Branches throughout the World.*

C.F.H.

AH/767

YOU WERE LOSING GROUND ALL THE WINTER—



...no wonder YOU NEED A TONIC!

DO YOU realise what the winter has done to you? Six months of cold and damp — huddling in stuffy rooms — not enough sunshine. No wonder you feel weak and worn-out. These winter months have weakened your blood and nerve-cells, and you are thoroughly run-down.

You need a tonic — a tonic that will remove the *cause* of your weakness, by strengthening your blood and nerve-cells. Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this purpose, from the formula of a well-known doctor. It actually begins to pour new strength into your veins within thirty seconds after taking! Your blood is enriched. Your digestive and respiratory organs are strengthened. Your circulation is stimulated. And you feel permanently stronger and fitter.

Doctors specially recommend Hall's Wine, because no other tonic has quite the same effect — both *quick* and *lasting*. Start taking Hall's Wine two or three times a day, and notice the difference in yourself! At all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6.

Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

DOES YOU GOOD IN THIRTY SECONDS

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

The Sweep chewed a FEEN-A-MINT & constipation "flew!"

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept.S3), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Instant Relief

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

The distressing symptoms of these complaints—paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, frantic struggles for breath—are immediately relieved by inhaling the soothing fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure. Exhaustion is avoided, complete restoration to health hastened and thus your strength is kept up. Don't delay—go straight to your chemist and get a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. You will then be able to go through the day with comfort and ease and enjoy a night of restful sleep. Be sure to keep a supply in the home.

Potter's Asthma Cure is equally valuable for Catarrh, Croup, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough and Children's chest troubles. Free from opiates and does not cause headache.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes.*)

COMEDIAN (New Cross).—"My one wish is to attract large audiences." Such a wish often bears fruit

B. T. (Milford).—"I always console myself with the fact that poverty is no disgrace." But it's poor comfort.

ARDENT (Weymouth).—"I was stunned when she threw me a flower." She forgot to take it out of the pot?

P. (Glossop).—"The Lord Chancellor does not stand on ceremony." No, he sits on the Woolsack.

JIMMY (Widnes).—"I can never sleep on a full stomach." And we prefer a mattress, too.

BACHELOR (Stratford).—"What would you say if you found a big hole in your sock every night?" Darn!

O. D. G. (Woodford).—"Plenty of pudding made me a good cricketer." What was it, batter?

P. N. B. (Manchester).—"When I presented his cheque it was dishonoured." Obviously a man of no account.

R. S. (Nelson).—"She wears flimsy silk underwear, but I always wear wool next to my skin." So do other sheep.

HOUSE-MASTER (Eton).—"I have frequently noticed that boys who have elder brothers in the school put on any amount of side." Minor importance.

L. A. W. (Rugby).—"When in tournament play I go to putt, I have a strange feeling in my stomach." A sinking feeling?

S. S. (Didcot).—"I insisted upon having a plug for my wireless when my house was wired just lately." You made a point of it.

S. T. L. (Burwash).—"While he filled my tooth, he told me the most exciting tale of his fight with a shark." Of course, you listened open-mouthed.

MRS. J. (Battersea).—"When I taxed her with telling lies about me, she said she had done so because I had talked scandal about her." Tit for tattle.

S. A. (Esher).—"People like me because I don't mind what they say." Or is it because you don't say what they mind?

MISS L. (Colindale).—"I never like to hear about a transaction involving an engagement ring." Unless you have a finger in it, of course.

N. F. (Salisbury).—"As an antique dealer, I read all the latest works dealing with my trade." Just to keep you up to date?

D. L. S. (Ventnor).—"My wife went for me like a pickpocket because I lit a bonfire under the lilac tree." So you had two flare-ups.

T. G. (Yarmouth).—"My landlord was angry because I had the geyser fixed without asking his permission." You got into hot water.

DUBIOUS (Thirsk).—"It took me over a week to make up my mind whether I should be wise to umpire the match or not." But surely an umpire should be a man of quick decisions.

MISS R. (Kensington).—"During a bad illness I lost five stone in weight, and am now unable to follow my profession as a mannequin." You are having a thin time.

MRS. S. (Brixton).—"I had no idea that my husband spent convivial evenings, until his friends left him on the doorstep after a particularly hectic night." So that was how the truth was brought home to you?

M. W. (Sparkhill).—"My husband is a blacksmith and the terror of the neighbourhood, but I am not afraid of him." When you frown, does he make a bolt for the door?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DAILY MIRROR:—"Sheer good fun and plenty of laughs for both parents and GROWN-UPS are to be had from . . . ."

THE STANDARD:—"The BRIDEGROOM was given away by her mother. . . ."

WHITEHAVEN NEWS:—"A tavern scene in which a disguised detective, the VILLAGE of the piece, is unmasked."

GLAMORGAN ADVERTISER:—"During February this year, 1,311 BOOTS were borrowed from —— branch library."

DAILY MAIL:—"It is absurd to suppose that women can be kept moral while we condone IMMORTALITY in men . . ."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"He was a well-behaved lad and was very popular in the PILLAGE."

THE LINCOLNSHIRE BOSTON AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"Those present stood for a few MONTHS in silence."

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Excuse me, sir, the band went home an hour ago!
(*From "The Passing Show"*)

S. C. (Dunstable).—"What do you call a man who makes a study of the seasons?" A ticket collector.

LORRY-DRIVER (Manchester).—"The chap I gave a ride to seemed greatly cheered by it."—You gave him a lift.

E. K. (Plymouth).—"To seek a wife is man's mission." And his submission when he finds her.

MISS T. (Surbiton).—"I can always find my sister in a crowd by her leopard-skin coat." She is easily spotted.

ANON (Tonbridge).—"Where is the best place to start a nudist colony?" On the withoutskirts of the town.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

T. R. G. (Sevenoaks).—"I have decided to have a weed-free lawn this year, no matter how long I spend on it." You're going to get down to it!

STANLEY W. (Hayes).—"When I showed my fiancee the house I liked, standing right away on its own, she didn't seem at all interested." Detached, in fact.

CUTHBERT (Elstree).—"I send you my latest photograph. Do you think I am good-looking enough to get into the film studios?" The answer is in the negative.

B. B. (Newport).—"He is trying to sell me a second-hand car, but as I know its history I am not having any." It won't work?

MRS. L. (Goole).—"I have just bought a dear little hat." An opinion, no doubt, to be confirmed, when hubby gets the bill.

CEMENT WORKER (Portland).—"My mates and I have been working together now for nearly ten years, and we are all good pals." Firm friends, as it were.

G. J. (Birmingham).—"I went bankrupt trying to manufacture self-starters." And had to wind up the affairs of your business?

CLERK (Hammersmith).—"Every spring regularly they redecorate our offices." Just to make you feel thoroughly at home?

S. Q. (Bristol).—"I broke my braces while staking my lupins and delphiniums last Sunday." So, of course, you had to tie them up.

J. A. W. (Malden).—"I remember, as a boy, once washing and tidying myself up before confessing to a prank, in order to create a good impression." So you were determined to come clean.

Worried (Ipswich).—"*My garden is invaded by numerous pests at this time of the year.*" *You should threaten to keep their ball the next time it comes over.*

PHYLLIS (Chelmsford).—"Just as my young man was eloping with me in his car, we found my father behind us doing fifty. What would you have done?" Sixty.

UNCLE (Poole).—"Had I not seen him eat it, I would not have thought it possible that such a small boy could have disposed of such a large cake." You would not have thought he had it in him.

J. McC. (Manchester).—"What is it that will suddenly stir the people to rise?" Alarm clocks.

M. M. (London).—"The manageress would not let me try on a dress in the window." That not being a fitting place.

PADDY (Dublin).—"Turned-up noses create trouble." And trouble creates turned-up noses.

COOK (Mayfair).—"I gave her a piece of my mind and she was quite taken aback." You bridled and she bit.

YOUNG TEACHER (Camberwell).—"When I entered the schoolroom for the first time I found the boys a very fine crowd." A first-class first class.

P. L. (Barnstaple).—"What do you think he said to her over the telephone when he rang up to cancel the wedding?" Ring off!

P. D. (Hanley).—"Although we are still friendly since I accidentally knocked him down with my car, I can detect a subtle difference in his manner to me." A slight stiffness?

RADIO (Hindhead).—"When I switch my set on and hear Big Ben striking I think of it as a symbol of modern improvements." A sign of the times, so to speak.

T. G. (Ashby).—"By screwing up my imagination I can just picture you reading my poem." And by screwing up your poem you can just picture our imagination.

MRS. J. (Harwich).—"My daughter's young man insists on coming round to supper every Monday without fail. What shall I do about it?" Give him the cold shoulder.

J. B. (Sydenham).—"Which is best for a holiday—Blackpool, Bournemouth, Margate, Scarborough, Torquay, or Yarmouth?" Win that £1,500 and Car finally offered on pages 46 and 47—then you can visit the lot!

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

"SWELL"

"She is a 'straight shooter'—fair in what she thinks and does; people who work with her adore her." These are impressions of Jean Harlow as revealed by Clark Gable in "Picturegoer Weekly," just out.

Gary Cooper is also very much in the picture in this number. He is shown in no less than twenty different roles.

"Baby, Take a Rest," is an article aimed at Shirley Temple, but, be it said, written by one of her staunchest admirers.

This wonderful issue of "Picturegoer Weekly" is packed with marvellous photogravure pictures—fascinating articles and stories—news hot from the studios—a real feast of entertainment for film lovers—all for twopence.

Look for the portrait of Jean Arthur on the cover and get your copy *early*.

Depressed, Nervy, Irritable—

IRON JELLOIDS worked wonders!

Like thousands of others, Mr.— was IRON-STARVED. It was IRON-STARVATION that caused his lack of energy and interest in his work. Directly he began to strengthen himself by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' his spirits rose, his appetite improved, and his friends soon remarked how well he looked.

IRON-STARVATION weakens your system, lowers your resistance to illness, gives you that listless, ailing appearance caused by an enfeebled constitution.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' correct iron starvation by supplying your system with strengthening iron in its most easily assimilated form.

After one box his appetite improved and he slept well

Don't be weak when you can so easily be strong! Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' regularly with your meals. You will quickly be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your health.

You will soon feel the invigorating effect. Before you have finished your second box your depression will leave you, you will begin to eat well, sleep soundly, and be full of energy.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion.* Everyone can afford them. Get a 3/- box to-day!

His Letter Says:

"I was DEPRESSED, NERVY and IRRITABLE. This sapped my nervous system, with a consequent loss of energy. My friends said that I LOOKED WORRIED.

I tried IRON 'JELLOIDS'. Immediately I felt a difference. My APPETITE IMPROVED and I SLEPT BETTER. A visitor said that I looked MUCH BETTER. IRON 'JELLOIDS' have worked wonders." (Mr.) ——

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Failing Hair
Tiredness	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2a. For WOMEN: No. 2. For CHILDREN: No. 1.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

Eightpence an ounce

IS ALL I PAY...

And believe me, a man couldn't wish for a better smoke than DIGGER. This fine blend of Empire tobaccos has made its mark with smokers who want REAL enjoyment for a moderate outlay. Take my tip and try DIGGER today.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

SHAG

8D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D. 37.

H.M. THE BABY

A USEFUL BOOK ABOUT KING OF THE HOME

The king of the home is baby—and everyone feels worried and unhappy if his little majesty is not bright and bonny.

But the real burden falls on mother. The anxiety—the extra work—the responsibility of starting the wee one on the road of health *and keeping him there.*

Small wonder that so many thousands of mothers write for Steedman's little red book "Hints to Mothers," which nobly lives up to its title.

A compact guide, arranged alphabetically for easy reference—it deals so sensibly with all baby's ailments that mother feels safer when she has it handy.

It is as reliable as Steedman's Powders themselves—the gentle, safe aperient made especially for childhood's years, to regulate the bowels and keep the blood stream clean and cool from teething time until fourteen years of age.

Obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder, you can be sure of the genuine Steedman's by looking for the double EE on the packet.

And *your* copy of "Hints to Mothers" is free if you mention "John Bull" from John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

FREE OFFER.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to: MAGIC LABORATORIES, MN16, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE!

For the Best Words to Complete the Advertisement on page 31.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lightweight Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Brooks Spring Seat Saddle, 'Hold-all' Stud, Reflector, and Accessories. Ladies' or Gent's same price £4.19.6 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES, Ltd. SHEFFIELD

BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES DEFINITELY REMOVED

Psoriasis, Eczema, Leg Ulcers, Troubles completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Treatment entirely Herbal and individual. 40 years' success. Write for FREE BOOK and particulars of MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, EVERIE HOUSE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

STOMACH TROUBLE

TERRIBLE PAIN & FLATULENCE

Mr. C. H. Sheard, 2, Moor View, Armley, Leeds, writes: "I had a serious breakdown in health and suffered badly from Stomach trouble. I had terrible pain and flatulence and feared I was threatened with Ulcers. I decided to try Vitadatio, and in a short time began to improve. This improvement has continued, and I am now able to enjoy and digest my meals, and have a splendid appetite, thanks to Vitadatio. To anyone suffering from that Run-down and hopeless feeling that I experienced, I can recommend Vitadatio with every confidence."

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET & TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., Chemists, Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export only from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

BE QUICK FOR JOHN BULL'S NOVEL BIG 3-in-1 X-WORD PRIZE YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY

Win £6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £500

OVER 70

IF PREFERRED, WINNER OF 3-in-1 PRIZE CAN BE PAID ONE LUMP SUM OF 750 GUINEAS CASH

MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

Winner and companion will spend a glorious week-end in London at "John Bull's" expense. Luxurious hotel accommodation, private limousine chauffeur, theatre and cabaret seats will be provided. The night-spots arrangements will include a midnight visit to Long Acre's most famous printing works and an aeroplane trip over London.

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £50

between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives more than one sixpenny coupon in same envelope

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

...to each entrant from whom "John Bull" receives a Sevens offering four figures of guessing by only one first-morning's...... To be posted Wednesday, June 3

18 COMPETITORS HAVE ALREADY WON OUTRIGHT — YOU CAN BE THE NEXT !

PRESENTED on this page is the eighteenth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles, you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following :—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

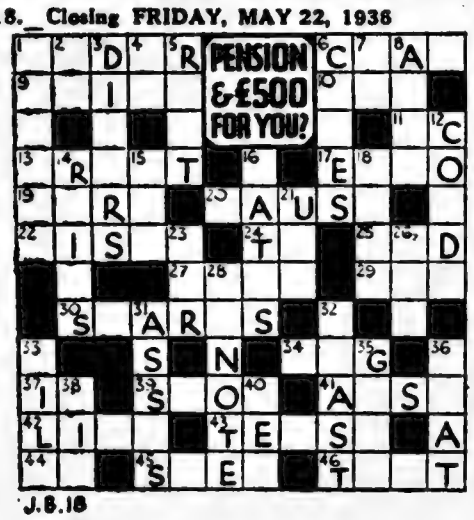
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 4, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

★ THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 18. Closing FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1936

J.B.18



J.B.18

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

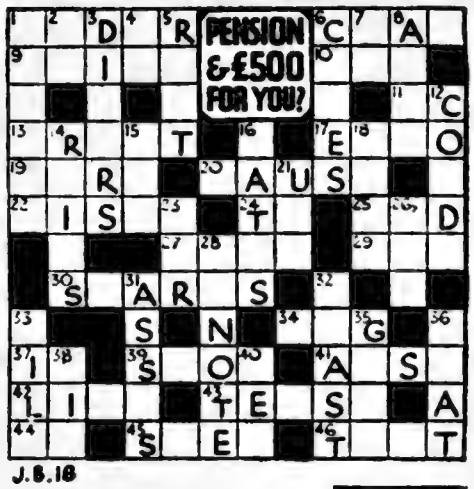
ADDRESS.....

.....

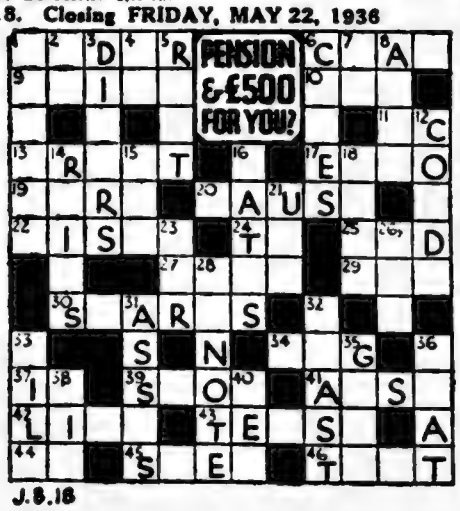
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 18. Closing FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1936



J.B.18



J.B.18

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 18, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help.

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

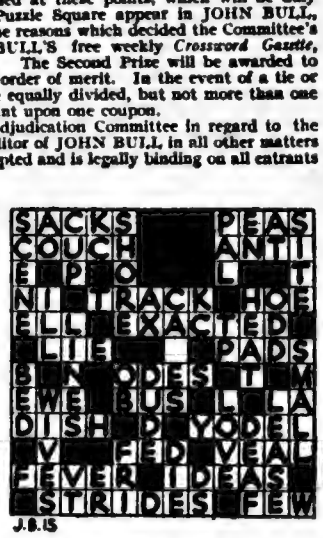
Name .....

Address .....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE



J.B.15

X-WORD No. 15

WINNERS ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who used either CAPES or CASES were regarded by the Committee as having given an acceptable Answer.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 15 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Is made from apples
6. Friendly one helps you
9. Twins are, usually
10. Rubber balloon is blown up with
11. Short for County Council
13. Stand someone a drink
17. Sound thrown back from distance
19. Donkeys have long ones
20. To make a speech without this is unwise
22. Reckless people take these
24. The end of rats
25. Fishing line is attached to
27. Notion that is almost ideal
29. Bronchitis ends thus
30. Fortunes are made by creating these
34. Sometimes provides fuel
37. Piece of pipe in ship
39. Too much of this spoils skater's performance
41. In addition to
42. To see this of unemployed is depressing
43. Wire can usually be made this
44. Both ends of limit
45. Gardener can tell a good one
46. Provides difficulties for average recruit

DOWN

1. Horse's gait between trot and gallop
2. Nearly ill in jail
3. Often like fish
4. Latter part of week
5. Bad slum landlords should be given none
6. Heavy ones seem easier to carry when you are leaving for holiday
7. Starts hiking in Yorkshire
8. The Marble one in London is famous
12. They make chest tight
14. May stop you getting fruit from garden
15. Inquire
16. Progress is halted by them
18. Punter is told to put his shirt on this
21. America in common usage
23. Knight's title
26. Car requires this, petrol and water
28. Indicate by a mark
31. They're donkeys
32. Is uninviting when it's cold
33. Coppers should be handy in one
35. Merry song for several voices
36. For rough weather angler chooses heavier one
38. Miners work down one
40. Married in Sweden

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

11 BIG CHEQUES WON SEE PAGE 45

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, May 22.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 4. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 9, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

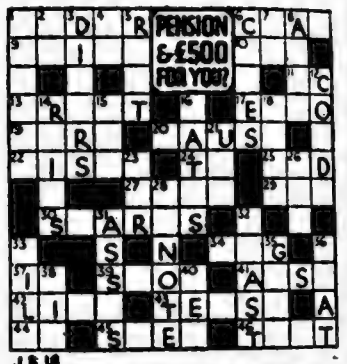
4.—Should First Prize be shared, 750 guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

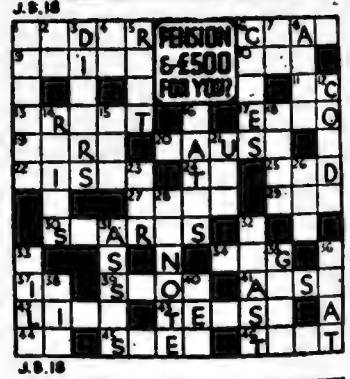
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

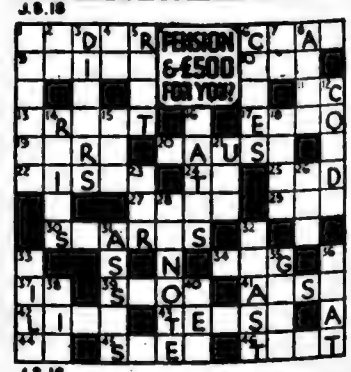
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.



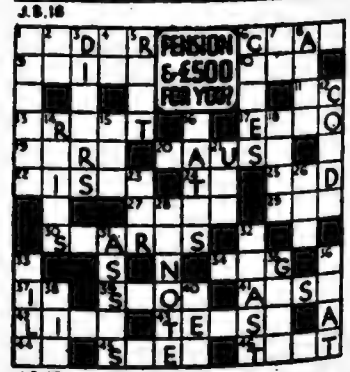
J.B.18



J.B.18



J.B.18



J.B.18

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

CHARMING TWO-PIECE

YOURS FOR 1/6 WITH ORDER

RITA
Fashionable Two-piece, well tailored in "Modern Times" floral print, three-quarter coat in plain art. marocain. Coat in Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Green, with floral frock to tone.
In S.S.W., S.W., W.
Price: 39/6
(Also in W.X.)

Please send "Rita," for which I enclose 2/3 (1/6 deposit and 9d. postage). I will pay the balance of price by fortnightly instalments of 3/-. Deposit refunded if not satisfied.
Colour.....Bust.....
Hips .....Length .....
Send this coupon with full name and address and Postal Order to

Write for M:s's Catalogue

Smartwear
243-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

WINTER LADIES SPRING CATALOGUE

J.B

Mr. G. B. WRITES:
"One box of Lion Ointment improved them, and two more boxes rid me of these torturing Boils!"

MR. G. B. is one of many thousands who tell us, in grateful letters, how LION OINTMENT has rescued them from misery. They tell of relief from continual Boils and Carbuncles; from dangerous Poisoned Wounds; even from obstinate Leg Trouble.

Why do so many Mothers keep a box of LION OINTMENT in the house? Because it is so sure; safe even for infants; and soothing while it heals. As Nature acts, so does LION—it brings the inflammation out first, and then forms a clean, new healthy skin from underneath.

89 years of sterling reputation stands behind every box of LION—From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box.

1/3

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, WHITLOWS, POISONED WOUNDS, Cuts, Burns, Bites, Stings.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 2/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

DEVASTATION

Reader's Dramatic Letter to "John Bull"

"OUR Home, or practically all we had worked for and taken a pride in, was completely wrecked by fire, and if it had not been for your great Scheme it would have taken us years to get it all together again."

That is the brief but dramatic letter written by one of our registered readers in acknowledgment of a generous cheque paid under the exclusive Fire Section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

DEVASTATION! Only those who have experienced the full meaning of that dreaded word know the horror and heartbreak caused by the loss of one's home. At a time of such distress and hardship caused by the merciless ravaging of angry flames, practical assistance comes as a godsend.

"John Bull's" generous Benefits for damage to household effects, whether it be by **FIRE, STORM, FLOOD** or **TEMPEST**, and the Benefit provided for **SICKNESS**, are unique in newspaper Free Insurance. There is NO other paper in the world that gives its registered readers such invaluable protection—free.

Here are some other risks of everyday life for which "John Bull" provides generous Benefits: **Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field**, while **Boating** and **Bathing**, **Damage to your Radio by Lightning, Children's Accidents**, etc., etc.

£744 10s. 0d. PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK

During the past week "John Bull" has distributed no less than £744 10s. 0d. to registered readers or their dependents, as follows:—

Home & Sickness Benefits ...	£443	0	0
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£169	10	0
Accident Benefits—Children's ...	£132	0	0
	£744	10	0

All Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid in addition to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other source.

ACT TO-DAY! Fill up the forms below for "John Bull's" great Gift of Security.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL'
***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 16/5/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/5/36.

£900 WON IN X-WORD No. 15.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 15 the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize.

H. O. Beswick, 13, Cypress Avenue, Widnes.
B. Davis, 81, Union Street, Borough, London, S.E. (2 shares).
J. Main, 19, Ferrar Street, Carmarthen.
Mrs. M. J. Meakin, Albert Villa, Ashby Road, Moira, Burton-on-Trent.
F. W. Patrick, 18, Junction Road, Leyton, E.
F. Shedden, 24, Spenwood Road, Littleborough, Lancs.
F. C. Smith, 43, Park Road, Bargoed, Glam.
F. W. Smith, 19, 25th Avenue, Blyth, Northumberland.
F. B. Sullivan, 10, Springfield Avenue, London, S.W.
H. E. Worsdale, 10, Cecil Grove, Exchange Street, Hull.

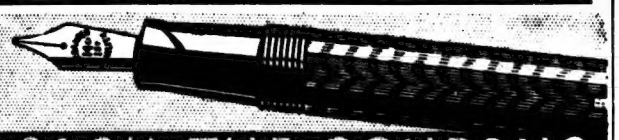
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £68 3s. 8d. will be sent for each winning Square.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 136 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 14s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received more than one sixpenny coupon in same envelope.

A new Surprise Award for each of 772 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on May 13.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE **3d**

Try This New BEAUTY TRICK

Try this simple plan to-day. It never fails. It will give you a fascinating girlish complexion that will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Carefully smooth all over your face and neck, Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Then lightly dust over with face powder—for preference Tokalon 'Matt Finish' Powder which is specially made for use with it. The transformation you see in your mirror will astonish you. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood spreads like an invisible film of beauty over the face, giving a smooth loveliness—makes powder spread evenly, prevents all 'caking' or patchiness. Makes the powder stay on four times as long. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil with marvellous tonic and whitening ingredients. These dissolve away blackheads; tighten up enlarged pores; whiten and soften the darkest, roughest skin. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood: 6d. and 1/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

5/- Monthly

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped 3-valve low-consumption Radio Outfit removes every obstacle that has been standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up to date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, 2-volt new type Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**
Easy Payments 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. S. C. of West Bromwich, writes:—I am more than satisfied with my Set—the best 3-valve Set I have ever heard, and the cheapest. My mother has taken such a fancy to it that she would be pleased if you would let her have a Set the same as my own.

Mr. H. S. of Leeds, writes:—I am more than satisfied with your S-3 Battery Receiver. It is a glorious model, and I gladly recommend it to anyone. I expected something good from your firm, and I have received a Wireless Set which is extraordinary good.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

3 ENORMOUS CASH plus CAR AWARDS

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£1,500

Cash plus MORRIS SUNSHINE SALOON CAR

TO WHICH JOHN BULL WILL ADD

1 TAX FOR TWELVE MONTHS
2 INSURANCE FOR SAME PERIOD
3 DRIVING TUITION FOR WINNER IF REQUIRED

Here is the elegant Morris Four-Door Saloon, Price £142 10s., fitted with Sliding Roof, Bumpers, Traffic-Indicators and supplied in standard colours to the winner's choice

SECOND PRIZE
£250
PLUS CAR
Licence, Insurance and Driving Tuition as for First-Prize Winner

THIRD PRIZE
£100
PLUS CAR
Licence Insurance and Driving Tuition as for First-Prize Winner

HOW TO WIN

THERE is nothing to prevent you capturing a big Double Holiday Cash Prize—or even one of those three magnificent Cash-plus-Car awards—provided you tackle the job with ordinary care and common-sense.

Material on which to build your *Bullets* is all around you, but your simplest plan is to let the *Examples* themselves suggest ideas.

To make a prize *Bullet*, you simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* provided. Very few successful efforts are brain-waves written straight down on the coupon; the vast majority are built up in the following simple way.

Just read slowly through the list of *Examples* and select a few which appeal to you most. Against each of those chosen *Examples* write down as rough notes the ideas it brings to your mind. Then polish and prune these rough jottings into *Bullets* form.

Suppose, for instance, you selected the *Example*, PEACE OR WAR. Your first thought might well be *Either Costs Taxpayer Plenty*. And this you could easily improve to the finished *Bullet*, PEACE OR WAR—ONE "FIGHT'S" UNCEASING—TAXPAYER'S!

Before starting on your own efforts, notice the neat phrasing of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,026th contest, the result of which appears below.

Once you have appreciated the neat phrasing of these winning efforts, you will be well on the way to making up a winner of your own. Then start your attack on this mighty prize-list immediately, for unless your *Bullets* are in the judges' hands by Saturday, May 23, none of those 12,621 Holiday Prizes can be yours.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to Any "Example"

FOR GENEVA
DAY OF DAYS
PEACE OR WAR
ON THE PAVEMENT
EDEN
THE WATCHMAN
LONG INNINGS
CHANGE FOR MOTHER
JOIN THE ARMY AND
BUSY HOUSEWIFE
FRANCE
NOT FOR HER
IN THE SUNSHINE
SONNY
POOR SHOW
LIFE IS SHORT, SO
AUNTIE'S SUNSHADE
TORTURE
ORDINARY FELLOW
ONLY HOPE
"NO!"
LOVING CARE
TO HELP OTHERS
EVERY CHILD
WON'T FIGHT
WISE SAYING
ROSES
TELLS US NOTHING
IN EUROPE'S CIRCUS
TIME IS MONEY, BUT
VICTORY
JOB FOR CUPID
FATHER'S HOPING
WHEN HE'S CALLED
ROADHOG'S CAR
GAMBLING
WITH OPEN EYES
SHOWS PROGRESS
UPSET THE PAINTER
GATEWAY TO FORTUNE
LEAVING
THE DOCTOR CALLED AND
WHILST WE SLEEP
TEARS AND LAUGHTER
TALKS
JOGGING ALONG
NATURE'S WAY
TOO GOOD TO MISS

HURRY FOR YOUR FORTUNE AND CAR!

A FEW days more and it will be too late for you to capture any of the 12,621 prizes now waiting for winners in *Bullets* Record Spring Holiday Offer. But since it is well within your powers to turn out a big prize *Bullet* in less than half an hour, you have plenty of time if you settle down to the making of your efforts *at once*.

A list of forty-eight interesting *Examples* is provided on this page—and with one of them some entrant is going to enter a *Bullet* which will win a £1,500 fortune and a fine Morris Saloon Car—and that entrant may well be *you*.

On Friday, June 5, a golden Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL'S congratulations to the winner of this huge First Prize. And next day both the Second and Third Prize-winners will hear that, in addition to large cash amounts, they also have secured a fine Saloon Car with which to make their holiday of 1936 the finest they have ever known.

A magnificent array of Double Holiday Cash prizes follows these three Cash-plus-Car awards. And the many attractions of this Record Spring Offer are crowned by the inclusion of £5 5s. Camera Bonuses for all winners of from 25s. to £90 who qualify as directed on the opposite page.

Time is flying and this huge shower of Cash, Car and Bonuses will soon be beyond your reach. So begin on your *Bullets* immediately and make sure that they reach the judges by Saturday, May 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,026

First Prize, £750 and Trip in R.M.S. *Queen Mary* for Two:

Mrs. L. SHARPLEY, Manor Farm, Swinton, Mexborough.
Example: UPSET HIS APPLE-CART
Bullet: "STUBBORN MULE" IN *Him*.

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

N. A. J. ANDERSON, Albert Buildings, Church Street, Portadown, Co. Armagh.
Example: Britannia's Neighbours
Bullet: Unlike Mine, "Fully Equipped"!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

S. ELLIS, 76, Portland Road, Winton, Bournemouth.
Example: Sensible Boss
Bullet: Sees "Finds" Aren't "Losers."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. S. VENABLES, 27, Brasshouse Lane, Smethwick.
Finger Of Suspicion—"Dove" Won't Perch On.

£9: W. H. MELTON, Springfield House, Lower Dolcliffe Road, Mexborough.
Upset His Apple-cart—Couldn't "Market" Education's "Fruits."

£8: Mrs. F. M MINNS, 42, Elers Road, West Ealing.
Price Of Safety—"Go To," Not War!

£7: W. J. BUSSEY, 244, Rotton Park Road, Birmingham.
Gas-masks For All—Future Fashion? Fashion Future!

£6: Mrs. M. HANSFORD, Pattishall, Towcester.
Gracefully—Awkward Squad's Memorial Rises.

5 OF £5 EACH:

G. ASKEW, 20 Division Road, Hull, Yorks.
Wasted Eloquence — Woodland's — Builders Settling Site.

W. H. BARRY, Norwood, Comber Road, Dundonald, Belfast.
In The News—Our Member—For Speeding!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

Mrs. M. CANA, 33, St. Matthew Street, Hull.
Recruits—"Raggedness" Confirms Their *Newness*.

P. GEE, 73, Stansfield Road, Todmorden, Lanes.
Showed She Cared—Threw Rolling-pin, Not Cake!

A. P. WILSON, 30, Sotheron Street, Goole.
Recruits—Keep Taxpayer "Below Strength."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. R. J. BEAN, Westgate, Belton, Doncaster.
Spectre Of Poverty—That Auntie "Haunts," Curate.

J. COOLING, 70, Southdown Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.
Recruits—"Round" "Square," All[illegible]
(Entered on "Target" Prize[illegible]

W. H. COURBET, 86, Gorsefield Road, Birkenhead.
Britannia's Neighbours—Robbed Her, *Filling* "Pantry."

H. EASTWOOD, 251, Flaxmoss, Haslingden, Rossendale.
Hungry World—"Swallows" Dad's Seeds Annually!

W. FRANKLIN, 117, Tolworth Rise, Tolworth, Surrey.
Gas-masks For All—Dad Swears Greenfly Possess.

F. W. GAUNT, 92, Hough Lane, Bramley, Leeds.
His Courage Failed And—Confirmed Her Father's "Fears."

H. C. IVES, 10, The Crescent, Chartham, near Canterbury.
In His Prime—Grandpa Protests, Thumping Chest-protector!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. ROWLAND, 22, Carleton Terrace, Pontefract.
Finger Of Suspicion—"Tip" To "Long Arm."

Mrs. R. M. SHIPLEY, 1, Albert Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
Price Of Safety—Even Tea-pot "Shoulders" Arms.

E. VICTOR, 299, Slade Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester.
Folly—Confetti—Couple, "Different Colours."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 10s. and 1,000 "Queen Mary" award winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of postage must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £800 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,025 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. Sleightholme, Newsagent, 448, Harehills Lane, Leeds.

in Bullets RECORD SPRING HOLIDAY OFFER

£90 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£80 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£70 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£60 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£50 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
£40 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£30 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£20 PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£19 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£18 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
£17 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£16 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£15 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£14 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£13 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
£12 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£11 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	£10 PLUS £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUE	50 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF 25/- EACH	50 PRIZES OF 10/- / 500 OF 2/6

6,000 NEW "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" • 6,000 NEW "STAR TARGETS"

12,621 PRIZES AND FINE CAMERA BONUSES

1029

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,029) Closing SAT., May 23.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,029) Closing SAT., May 23.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,029) Closing SAT., May 23.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,029) Closing SAT., May 23.

P.O. No. .....

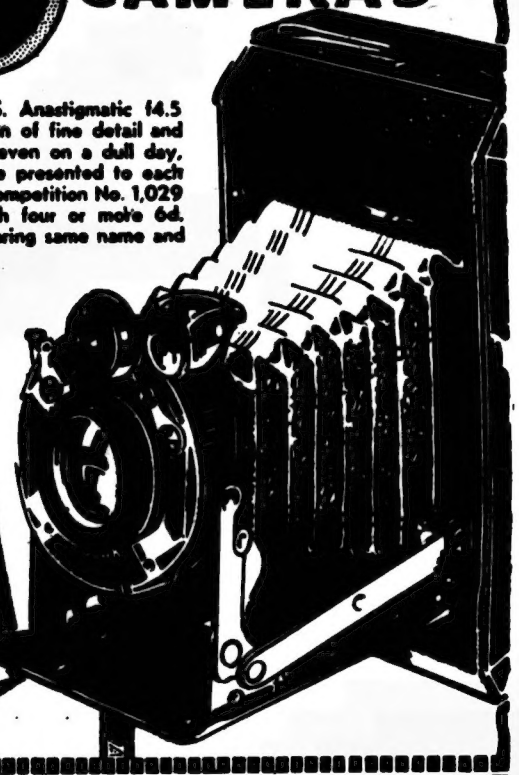
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

AND 68 "KODAK" £5·5s CAMERAS

Luxurious Kodak six-20 with K.S. Anastigmatic f4.5 lens ensuring dead sharp definition of fine detail and capable of getting good pictures even on a dull day, indoors or at night. One will be presented to each winner of 25/- up to £90 who in Competition No. 1,029 has enclosed Bonus Voucher with four or more 6d. entry-fee or Prize coupons, all bearing same name and address.



ENCLOSE THIS £5·5s BONUS VOUCHER

COMPLETE THIS LABEL FOR CAMERA ACCOMPANYING ANY PRIZE OF 25s UP TO £90

I ENCLOSE ...COUPONS (NOT LESS THAN 4, I.E., 8 "BULLETS") ALL BEARING SAME NAME AND ADDRESS AS BELOW, TOGETHER WITH P.O. VALUE_____NO._____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

DON'T BE TOO LATE—CLOSING DATE SAT., MAY 23

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,029, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

100 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

NEW

SERVICE FOR 'BULLETIN' READERS

Your *Bulletin* reservation made on this coupon, brings not only 48 pages of help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, but a

FREE ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

for you each week.

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

You know it's Indigestion but is it Stomach or INTESTINAL?

CAULIFLOWER digested in INTESTINES
PUDDING digested in INTESTINES
STEAK & KIDNEY digested in STOMACH
POTATOES digested in INTESTINES

INTESTINAL INDIGESTION causes-

CONSTIPATION AND GRIPING PAINS

Undigested food turns into small hard starch balls which obstruct the passage of waste. Constipation results, and poisons are drawn into the system.

DULL HEADACHES

Poisons from decaying undigested food soon destroy the purity of your blood, and give rise to dull persistent headache. Your head is a 'sensitive' symptom of intestinal indigestion.

BILIOUSNESS

Many people blame their liver when all the time their trouble is indigestion in the intestines. If you suffer 'liverish' symptoms, irritability, giddiness, weariness, attend to the real cause of the trouble.

TONGUE YELLOW AT BACK

Look at your tongue. If it is yellow at the back it indicates indigestion in the intestines. Bad breath often goes with this common symptom.

ALSO FLATULENCE
NO APPETITE
ACIDITY causing RHEUMATISM

Most of us think of indigestion as a stomach complaint. And that is exactly why so much indigestion remains uncured. For MOST indigestion is INTESTINAL. *Three-quarters of all your food is digested in the intestines.* Great stretches of this 20/30 feet of digestive tract become clogged with undigested food . . . constipating you, causing flatulence and discomfort, and, often enough, downright agony. So, although your stomach may be upset, you must realise that your intestines need treatment as well.

BEGIN YOUR MEALS WITH A CICFA TABLET

The ingredients in CICFA Tablets supply what your digestion lacks . . . the power to assimilate nourishment in stomach and intestines. Cicfa ensures the digestion of a hearty meal . . . thus helping Nature gradually to produce its own digestives. Then, you no longer need CICFA. Undigested food no longer clogs your system. You lose all trace of painful discomforting symptoms. Thanks to CICFA you enjoy the blessing of perfect digestion; you feel more fit, fresh and buoyant than ever before.

Free Book!

"THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR INDIGESTION"

This book gives a clear view in pictures of the digestive system. You are shown exactly why stomach treatments fail so frequently to bring lasting improvement. Symptoms are explained and illustrated. Send CARD (stamped 1d.) to-day to: The CICFA CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.81), King George's Avenue, Watford, for a FREE copy of this valuable publication.

STOMACH INDIGESTION causes-

PAIN behind LEFT SHOULDER

Indigestion causes irritation of the nerves which lie in the stomach lining. The pain passes along a nerve in the back between the shoulders.

ACIDITY

Sufferers who take remedies to dispel acidity are not removing the CAUSE of this distressing symptom. Only a remedy which actually helps you to digest your food can banish acidity for good.

BLOTCHY SKIN

Indigestion causes 'blood' starvation. This is soon seen in your skin; in spots and blotches. To remove this condition you must remove your indigestion.

DISLIKE OF FOOD AND NAUSEA

A feeling of sickness without actual vomiting. Until the stomach is emptied of undigested food you cannot expect to find pleasure in the thought of another meal, however much your system may need the nourishment.

Also Heartburn, Palpitation, Sharp Headaches, White Tongue

CICFA

(*Pronounced 'SIK-FAH'*) *Brand Tablets*

For STOMACH and INTESTINAL INDIGESTION

Of all chemists 1/3d. and 3/-

We make YOU this OFFER!

To show our confidence in Cicfa we make you this straightforward offer. Go to your chemist. Get a 1/3d. tube of CICFA Tablets. Take them as directed and, if you have reason for dissatisfaction with the result, return the empty carton to us and your money will be immediately refunded.

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